JEWS UNDER HITLERISM

By Bishop Stephanos

Jews Under Hitlerism

I, The Bishop, Accuse!

MOST REVEREND DR. STEPHANOS

Contents

Chapter		Page
	INTRODUCTION	3
1	FOREBODINGS OF EVIL	7
2	NAZI CULTURE	19
3	JOURNEY TO VIENNA	37
4	THE ARCHBISHOP'S STORY	45
5	AT THE CONVENT—VISITORS	67
6	GESTAPO INQUISITION	79
7	EXPULSION	95
8	VIENNA	103
9	BUDAPEST	117
10	HITLERISM IN SLOVAKIA	137
11	RAPE AND PILLAGE	149
12	NAZIS ENTER PRAGUE	171
13	THE BANKER'S ORDEAL	181
14	BERLIN—LONDON—HOME	217
	EPILOGUE	237

Jews
under
Hitlerism

BY

THE MOST REV. DR. STEPHANOS
BISHOP

OF
THE AMERICAN GREEK ORTH. CATHOLIC CHURCH
MISSIONARY DIOCESE

AN EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT.

PUBLISHED BY THE "AMERICAN GREEK ORTH. CATH.
CHURCH MISSIONARY DIOCESE."

[Shapell]
DS
135
G33
S74
1943
C.3

Copyrighted
August, 1943
New York
by
MOST REV. DR. STEPHANOS

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
by Delta Press, Inc., New York

INTRODUCTION

GREETINGS TO THE READER:

THIS IS A TRUE STORY, READ IT!

It is about three and a half years since I returned from Europe to my country, the United States. I was an eye-witness to the sufferings of hundreds of my Jewish brethren whose misfortune it was to dwell in those countries of Europe where Hitler's nazism rages. In Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia and Hungary, I gathered much information about the persecution of the Jews: actual facts, to hundreds of which I, myself was an eyewitness, and many others, corroborated by me, which I learned from sources of unquestionable authenticity.

For three and a half years I was silent, but now, when almost the entire world has been poisoned by Hitlerism and its counterparts, when all the nations of Europe have been trampled upon and subjugated by Hitler and his infamous allies, when the poisonous flood is almost at the gates of the United States itself, trying to sweep away true democracy, then I cannot, must not be silent any longer. It becomes my sacred duty to trumpet forth the gross injustices and infamy I had observed in my European travels, as a warning to all Americans, to support our nation and the Allied cause to the utmost with all our might and ability, that the palm of victory be gained as soon as possible, and the flowers of true

democracy:—liberty, equality and fraternity, may blossom again all over the world.

And inasmuch as I am not a Jew, our enemies cannot claim that this book, that my story, is colored with the prejudice of self-interest. No, my brothers, not a drop of Jewish blood flows through my veins. Justice, and justice alone guides my pen. I am but a poor servant of God, subsidized by no one, and by no selfish interests. The will of God compels me to proclaim the truth. He leads my pen, as He led the pens of the Prophets and Evangelists of yore.

Yes, let all concerned take notice that this work was written by the dictates of justice, motivated by my sense of Christianity.

"Glory to God on High! Peace on earth to all men of good will."

New York, June 17, 1943.

DR. STEPHANOS,
BISHOP

CHAPTER 1

"FOREBODINGS OF EVIL"

In the Summer of 1938, I was Missionary Bishop of the Catholic Orthodox Hungarian Church, for the United States and Canada, with my residence at the House of St. Theresa's Church of the Little Flower, in San Francisco, California. A native of Hungary, I had become a citizen of the United States.

For some time I had been convinced that the collapse of Czechoslovakia was imminent. Hitler had already seized Austria without opposition, and was demanding the Sudeten section of Czechoslovakia. It seemed certain to me that he would soon obtain the Sudeten, with the result that Czechoslovakia would be broken up by the separation of Slovakia from the rest of the country. That event, I thought, would be the opportunity for Hungary to regain that part of Slovakia, which had been torn from her and incorporated into Czechoslovakia in 1919, and which was still mainly inhabited by a Hungarian speaking population, that wanted to be reunited with their old Mother country. This section had been taken from Hungary by the terms of the Treaty of Trianon, following the first World War, when Hungary was partitioned into five integral parts—four of which were parceled out among Czechoslovakia, Rou-

mania, Jugo-Slavia and Austria, by the provisions of that treaty.

I sincerely regretted the fate, which I was certain, was in store for Czechoslavakia. It is undeniable that she was a nation where civil rights were acknowledged and granted and democratic practices generally prevailed. But her very existence seemed to be under Hitler's control, unless, indeed, England and France, followed by the Soviet Union, would come to her rescue, thus starting another European war. I did not believe—and this was months before the Munich Pact—that England and France would do this.

I am a devoted, loyal citizen of my adopted country, the United States. My love for this country is not a mere formality, but deep and genuine. None the less, my love for my fatherland can never be extinguished. I do not think these two sentiments are contradictory, provided that if they should conflict, the welfare of he United States must, of course, be my first concern, as a citizen. Moreover, it must be remembered that up to the summer of 1938, and for several years later, it was not generally believed in the United States that a conflict between European countries would again involve us. I confess that I did not so believe.

The foregoing considerations urged me to undertake

a voyage to Hungary. Not only did I want to reveal to the Hungarian government what I thought was to be expected, well knowing that its leaders might ridicule my 'prophecy," but I also wanted to participate in the great revision-celebration of the Magyars that would follow the partial return of upper Hungary to the Mother land — the thousand year old citadel of Christianity. I determined to go to Hungary without further delay.

So, on July 19, 1938, with an American passport in my pocket, I traveled from San Francisco to Montreal, Canada. The shrill whistle of the ship marked my departure. A last glimpse of the rugged Canadian shore line, and I was on my way toward experiences that I did not at all expect.

I had made several trips on the ocean, but this was the first time I traveled first class. Somehow I could not enjoy the luxury of a first class voyage. In my vision, I had often seen the Apostles and Saints of yore undergoing all manner of privation, suffering, trial and misery, in being devoted, faithful servants of Christianity. Now, surrounded by comfort and even luxury, my heart was sad, as I remembered that the most glorious trip of Jesus Christ was his ride into Jerusalem astride the back of a donkey. To offset to a degree this feeling of discomfort, I often wandered among the third class

passengers, and spent a whole day more than once in their midst. I always appeared in the plain garb of a priest.

In this way, I noticed two Russians, whom the Canadian authorities had deported because of their communistic activities. They were both bewhiskered. I later learned that their beards had grown during several months of imprisonment, preceding their deportation. Both had their families with them—a wife and three children each. I attempted to enter into conversation with them. At first they proved rather taciturn, their answers were brusque and challenging in condemnation of all capitalistic society. Later, when they realized that I was friendly, and did not try to disparage their pet Marxian theories, they gradually warmed toward me. Eventually, when they became aware that I was at least as well acquainted with Marxian doctrines as they themselves, they became quite friendly. I had not told them that I lived through the Communist regime in Hungary, following the first World War. Finally, one of them remarked with a suggestion of pity for me in his voice:

"How does it happen that one so versed in Marxian ideas as you, is not himself a follower of Moscow's Third International?"

I replied, "It is because the theory and practice of

Communism in Soviet Russia is based entirely upon the material nature of man and upon the materialistic interpretation of his history alone and doesn't take into account the spiritual and moral nature of man due to his understanding, (which animals do not share,) that he is a child of a greater power than himself, which he calls God. This understanding, you see, creates a religious nature in man, by which he gradually realizes that if he is a child of God, so are all other men, and that therefore, all men are brothers, and should act as such toward each other. The sincere and persistent practice of this code of conduct which is a religious attitude, must be relied upon to develop the social conditions which are your ideal. Men cannot lift themselves by their boot straps, but by a reliance upon a power greater than themselves. Communism will be promoted in Russia by a religious attitude like that of the great Russian, Tolstoi, and not by its banishment from your country."

They assured me that the Soviet government does not interfere with religion; that adults can practice their religious beliefs individually or in congregations without hinderance by the state; and can even have their children taught religious doctrines and practices at their own expense, or in congregations or churches maintained by them, just as in capitalistic societies,

and that the difference between the treatment of religion by the two forms of government is only that in the state schools, which the children are required to attend, they are taught the so-called scientific or Marxian concept of religion.

"But doesn't this fact prove a real and fundamental difference in the treatment of religion by the two forms of government?" I asked. "Why not allow the children to receive both the materialistic and religious points of view impartially, and let them choose, as in the free schools of the United States and other so-called capitalistic countries, instead of indoctrinating them with but one point of view?"

The Communists exchanged glances which seemed to concur in an unvoiced statement—"this man is certainly naive about the affairs of this world, poor fellow."

Later, I was much surprised when they told me that one of the families was Orthodox Slavic, the other Orthodox Jewish! I had to admit that my knowledge of physiognomy and anthropology went topsy-turvey, for the Communistic Orthodox Jew resembled a Slav much more than the real one, who was slim, with a narrow nose, and a dense, black beard on his elongated face; while the Jew, on the contrary, was round-headed, short-necked, and a lanky little creature, with a rare,

reddish-brown beard. All in all, he was much more a Slav in appearance than the other, whose documents unquestionably supported his racial claim.

I could not help thinking of the race doctrines of the Nazis, which seemed absurd to me, as I looked at this Jew and recalled pictures of some high ranking Nazis, who, judged only by their visages, could be elected without a shadow of doubt cantors or rabbis of any Jewish temple. I had seen Nazis whose faces belied the race doctrines they proclaimed so glibly.

When I said to them how apt one was to mistake their origin, one of them answered with a tone of disdain: "The setting of races and religions against one another is a typically medieval practice, and belongs exclusively in the arsenal of the Bourgeoisie!"

Still, our conversation ended in the friendliest spirit.

I often gazed at the sea, watching the constant, untiring play of the waves and listened to the plaintive whistle or scream of the winds. Now and then, a school of dolphins capered above the waters, as though curious to see the immensity above their deep abode. They followed our ship with playful ease and continued their pursuit for a good while. Now I would see them frisking about the side of the ship, the next moment they would appear far in front of it. Emerging from the waves with admirable grace, they leaped back in beau-

tifully arched dives. As I watched their easy, undisturbed and tireless playfulness, long-heard legends of the fishermen came to my mind—the fables about how nearby dolphins hurried to help human beings when, for instance, a diver or a sailor who had fallen in the sea encountered a shark. Undoubtedly, such stories are only myths, but it is true that dolphins never attack men; and that many eye-witnesses assert that these graceful comedians of the ocean often engage in deadly combat with sharks, the ferocious killers of the sea. Here are two large inhabitants of the deep and one of them is blood-thirsty, cruel, instinctively murderous; the other is peaceful and friendly—as least to man—like the difference between statesmen and rulers, from the beginning of government to the present time.

And the ocean itself—what vastness! What eternal unchangeability. What power and beauty. What mysterious coordination. What divine method and what mystery! The human mind can not comprehend the why and wherefore of all these systematic operations of the universe; and least comprehensible is why men remain so discordant and full of animosity amidst the beauty, grandeur and harmony of the natural laws about them.

At last we were nearing land. Sea gulls were flying over the roaring, billowy waves. I was standing at the side of the ship, watching the sea gulls wheeling about,

when the Jewish Communist approached me.

"Reverend," he said, "do you plan to go to the Soviet Union?"

"No," I replied, "my plans are to go by way of Austria to Hungary, and on the way back, through Germany and other countries."

"I'm sorry you're not going to the Soviet Union," he said. "You would then see for yourself that the eternal Jewish problem and other racial and nationalist animosities have been ended there. In the Soviet Union there is no such enmity and strife, but all races and nations live together as brothers, and this in a country which had the most terrible pogroms of all countries in the days of the Czars. There is a strict law in the Soviet against rousing anti-Semitism, with most severe penalties for the violation of it, but it doesn't have to be invoked. There's no occasion to do so."

After a moment of thought, he continued: "But you're going to Austria, and Germany! Poor Austria! I say even poor Germany!—though it's been a bedeviled country for years. You won't have to keep your eyes wide open to see how the Nazi devils are destroying the Jews, killing off a whole race, and every Christian who doesn't bow down to them as well!" And abruptly he left me.

Suddenly it seemed to me that in the distance I heard

cries echoing the cries of the sea gulls—cries for help; women crying and wailing. And I remembered the stories of Nazi terror, which had appeared in American newspapers—stories I could never fully believe. I had thought that they were but thinly veiled propaganda against the new Germany—fantastic imaginings and exaggerations. But now, all of a sudden, it occurred to me that these "propaganda articles and stories" had not all originated in the realm of legends, and in my mind shadows began to gather over the nation that formerly gave Goethe, Schiller and Kant to the world—ominous, dark, medieval shadows. I thought I was merely in an impressionable mood, that it was only a strained imagination making sport of me, but at a piercing drawn-out scream of a sea gull I shuddered and my face turned unconsciously in the direction of Hitler's Germany.

Our ship steamed into the mouth of the Thames. We arrived at the port of London. The noise and turmoil on the dock, the whistle of the ships, honking of automobiles, din of trolleys, and the general hubbub of this vast city's daily life, swept away the grave impressions which were haunting me. The darkness and visions vanished. It was day again. The lively rhythm of the twentieth century roared in my mind—we were in London.

CHAPTER 2

NAZI CULTURE

London was foggy, gray and spiritless. The smell of fish and the odor of oil were in the air. A traveler, who, like myself, had seen the beauties of Venice, Rome, Naples and Catania, strolled the streets of Paris, Madrid, Barcelona, and delighted in the sights of fairy-land-like Budapest, splendid queen of the Danube Valley, the capital of my native land, finds it hard at first to understand how eight million people ever buried themselves in the gray, apparently soulless stone labyrinth that is the city of London. Where can one find soul, life and art in the prosaic drabness of London's stone empire? If it be true that the mind of a great city's inhabitants is mirrored in that city's style of building, the British spiritual nature would indeed appear rather gray, foggy and inartistic. Yet this country has given the world a Shakespeare, Milton, Carlisle, Byron, Thackeray, Dickens and a host of other great men of literature, art, culture and science. There must be something in the nature of this people that produced such a rich product. Could it be the mixture of races in this Island—Picts, Scots, Celts, Britons, Norman-French, Angles, Saxons, Jutlanders, Danes, Germans, Jews and many other races which is responsible for their great men, and the accomplishments of this peo-

ple—quite the reverse of the Nazi's idea of race exclusiveness, of Aryanism? Such thoughts ran through my mind as the cab carried me toward my destination. I later learned that in the center of this vast stretch of brick and stone, beyond the dismal and squalid outskirts, and especially out in the country, there was well-being, quiet, security and even British haughtiness and sense of superiority. Their proverbial "splendid isolationism" seemed to have affected these Island dwellers not only physically, but mentally and psychologically as well. The complacent citizens who filled the streets were all dreaming about fabulous bewitched castles in lands that never were, and had no idea what witches' broth was brewing on the door step of their "splendid isolation."

A jerk of the taxicab ended my meditations. We stopped in front of the National Hotel.

The next day, I telephoned Ernest Sekulesz, a Jewish friend of mine, who had resided in London for over ten years. From 1921 to 1926, I was the editor in chief and publisher of three weekly papers in Budapest of considerable circulation, and Sekulesz had been the business manager of them. He was now a publisher in London.

"Father Stephan," he said to me, soon after we met, "there is a number of Jewish refugees in London.

Most of them congregate in the Milton Hotel. I want you to meet them. They have some tales to tell, that will raise your hair."

I readily agreed. I wanted to know about the anti-semitic tempest from sources who, Sekulsz told me, had themselves been the objects of its fury.

The Milton Hotel seemed to me an appropriate name for the gathering place of the group that I found there, being named, I suppose, after the author of "Paradise Lost." (For had not these Jews also lost their Paradise —such as it was?) Fifty or more Jews with their families, refugees from Austria and the section of Czechoslovakia already taken over by Hitler, Czecho-Hungarian Jews were there, under English permits, some trying to emigrate to the Argentine, some to Mexico, to Brazil and other South American countries, but most of them looking forward to Palestine. Several non-Jewish refugee families were there, also. The permits of some of them to stay in England, were expiring and they were frantic at the possibility that they would not be renewed before they could embark for their new homes and would be deported by the authorities to—where, they did not know — for the countries from which they had fled would not take them back.

"The letter 'H' is indeed ill-omened for the Jews,"

was the preface of a certain Mr. R---h,* (I cannot recall his given name) who had owned a sugar refinery in Czechoslovakia. "According to the Bible, it was Haman who demanded the hanging and extermination of all Jews. In Germany, Hitler and Himmler have tried to ape him. Then there is Horthy in Hungary, and Homan, the Hungarian minister of religious affairs."

By "Czecho-Hungarian Jews," incidentally, I refer to Hungarian Jews, whose villages, towns, and counties were occupied by the Czechs some twenty years ago, just after World War I. These territories were then "incorporated" into post-war Czechoslovakia, and Mr. R---h, the former Hungarian manufacturer thus became a Czechoslovakian Jew, or rather, a "Czecho-Hungarian Jew."

"But they never lose their sense of humor, amidst all their troubles," R - - h went on. "Let me tell you a joke that circulates among them. There were two Jews of Prague, who got twenty-five canings and were imprisoned for s i x m o n t h s because they were caught in Prague's graveyard, 'insulting Hitler.' The story goes that among the dead buried long before in the ceme-

***For obvious reasons, throughout this book, I do not use the full name of many individuals.**

tery, was a good Orthodox Jew, named Adolph Hitler. The Jews feared for his eternal state in the Great Beyond, because of the sound of his name. And the Synagogue therefore, in the utmost good faith, hired two old and Godly Jews to pray alternately day and night in supplication to God and the Angel of Death, not to mistake this honest and pious Jew for the other Hitler, whose hands were soiled with so much blood and tears. Some one reported this to the Gestapo, who arrested the two Jews, bastinadoed each of them twenty-five times, sentenced them to six months in jail, and afterwards confined them in a concentration camp for an indefinite term."

"Tell me some more," I said.

"Well, there was John G - - - . This is serious. He wasn't a Jew at all. He was Counselor in the Treasury Department in Vienna. On a visit to Prague he fell in love with a lyric soprano of one of the theaters and they were married. This actress was of Jewish origin. Her maiden name was Charlotte K - - - . Outside the fact of Jewish parentage, she had nothing in common with Jews, since early in her career she had embraced Christianity. So John G - - - in reality married a 'Christian girl.' She was a blond beauty and became a good wife and homemaker. They loved each other fervently, and had two children, a son and a daughter.

The husband had a secure Government job, and the wife had some savings. They were secure financially, and could afford one or two months vacation each year. Socially, they moved in the best circles. The wife of Chancellor S - - - - was a friend of Mrs. G - - , and Mrs. G - - - charmed everyone with her beauty, intellect and tact. Also, the close association of the two ladies reflected a degree of exclusiveness on the G - - family.

"It never occurred to the G - -'s that the Nuremberg decrees regarding the Jews, could reach out to them. But one day, Hitler marched into Vienna without a single shot. John G - - , like everyone else, received an order to personally identify himself, as to his origin, religion and so on. Thus it came to light, that his wife was born a Jewess. He had to choose between his wife and his position, in spite of the fact that in Europe the loss of his kind of a job amounts almost to losing his life. He chose his wife.

"The Jewess, Charlotte K - - - , refused to accept his sacrifice. She suggested that she would divorce him. She urged that by retaining his job, he would be able to provide for her and their children. But he would not agree. The difference of opinion led to arguments between them, which spoiled their dispositions without solving their problem.

"One evening the wife came into her husband's room,

when he was writing out his resignation. Silently she left, went into the children's room, made them kneel and say their prayers for their father and mother. Then she kissed them, went into another room and wrote a note to her husband, asking him to watch over the children for both of them, and cursing him if he should give up his job, and thereby expose the children to want. She closed her note with substantially these words: 'Whether I owe this sacrifice to Jehovah, to Jesus, or simply to human turpitude, I bring my life to an end, for your sake and the children's. From now on you will have a Jewish wife no longer.' Then she drank poison. They found her dead the next morning, on her bed. The husband collapsed from grief. They had to watch him closely in the hospital, to prevent him from committing suicide. When he left after two months, he was only the shadow of his former self."

I stared at him. "Did you know these people?"

"Yes."

"Do you know of any other case?"

"Yes. Jacob M-----, who had a delicatessen store on the Burgstrasse in Vienna, with his living quarters in the same building. He fought through the World War, and came home with the large and the small silver medal, and the rank of a sergeant. He was known as a man who was not afraid of his shadow, which later

was his undoing.

"After the Nazis took Vienna, a storm trooper called on M- - - - - for identification purposes, which really meant blackmail. M's fighting spirit overcame him, and he called the trooper 'an Aryan swindler' and threw him out. That happened on Thursday. Friday night just after they lit the Friday Eve candles, there was a peremptory knock on the door. Jacob M- - - - -, the erstwhile sergeant of the Austrian Army, sent his wife into the next room on the premonition that last night's storm trooper was back with reinforcements. He wasn't mistaken. Led by a Lieutenant, six storm troopers entered.

' 'Your name?'

" 'Jacob M- - - - -'.

" 'You mistreated a storm trooper and insulted the National German Government. I arrest you in the name of the law! Come along!'

"Jacob M- - - - - grew pale. He knew that resistence was useless. Nodding his head, he said; 'I'll be with you, just let me change my clothes.'

"For a moment the Lieutenant hesitated. 'All right M- - - - -, you may change clothes under guard.'

"Just then his wife ran in from the adjoining room. 'My God!' she cried, 'don't take my husband! Tell me how much you want! I'll pay it!'

"The Lieutenant stood there transfixed, looking at the woman. The Biblical Esther, Rachel and Ruth put together couldn't have been more beautiful, more desirable than the wife of Jacob M - - - - -, the most enchanting red-haired beauty that a male's delirious imagination could faintly picture. Jacob M - - - - - loved his wife in his own way, yet he hadn't realized what a beautiful and desirable woman she was. With the figure of a statue, and a skin so white and transparent, one could see the surging of the blood behind it and a crown of gorgeous red hair. She was a poem of flesh and blood.

"The Lieutenant must have noted all this. He ordered the storm troopers to stand guard in another room. He chewed his lip. Then, after a deep sigh he said: 'Madam, you can save your husband on one condition. Be mine.'

"When she overcame her terror she said: 'You forget, Lieutenant, that under the Aryan laws I'm not worthy of you. You are Aryan, I'm a Jewess. If you touch me you get a five year prison sentence for Aryan defilement.'

"The Lieutenant stepped closer to her. 'We are living under extraordinary conditions,' he said. 'You forget that I can make you mine, without having to save your husband.'

"The red haired Jewess thought for a moment. 'Let's compromise, Lieutenant. We can talk over this business some other time and place without witnesses.'

"'No,' said the Lieutenant, 'You'd deceive me. You would disappear or lure me into a trap. You would have Aryan witnesses at the meeting. Now,' he added passionately, 'be mine now, and your husband is free!'

"With this he stepped close to her and feverishly grasped her in his arms. She pushed him away violently. Her hair was disheveled, her small white hands were clenched into fists, and her eyes sparkled with fury.

"The Lieutenant lost all self-control. He turned into a tiger. With a wild movement he tore the dress from her. Jacob M----- saw red. He seized one of the heavy candle-sticks and smashed it against the Lieutenant's head. The Lieutenant let out a yell, as blood began to stream down his face. The storm troopers rushed in and the next moment gun stocks crashed down on M-----'s head and chest, but the 'silver medaled', cursing M----- fought the storm troopers desperately, until they over-powered him, tied his hands behind his back, gave him a few more gun stock smashes, knocked out several of his teeth, and rendered him half-unconscious and helpless.

"'You crazy Jew!' cried the maddened Lieutenant,

'Now you're going to pay for this!'

"With that, he yelled: 'About face!' to his troopers, telling them to have some fun with M - - - - -, by pulling out his whiskers one by one, while he was having fun with 'the red head.' Leaping at the woman, he forced her hands behind her back, tied them with the help of one of his troopers, threw her on the floor and raped her The desperate, broken husband had to look on helplessly, while the woman, her eyes shut, felt she was slipping into a bottomless slimy pit of rottenness. The grinning troopers secretly glanced back, and continued their fun of pulling out the hairs of M's whiskers.

"When the Lieutenant let go of his victim, he realized that he was completely in the power of the troopers, who had witnessed his breaking of the Aryan law with the Jewess. So, after some deliberation, he commanded his troopers: 'You're next, in order of your rank!' He needed accessories to his deed. And, without coaxing, the troopers complied. The woman lay unconscious on the floor. Jacob M - - -, possessor of the large and small silver medal, impotently chewed the rug, in an insane frenzy.

"He was sent to a concentration camp for seven months. When he returned, he found his wife in a family way. Which of the seven Aryan beasts was the

father of the child yet to be born only the Lord knew.

"The wreck of a husband reprimanded her for not destroying the living evidence of the beastly crime, that would be a constant reminder of her shame.

"Looking at her husband, she calmly said: 'You know our religion forbids that sin.'

"Jacob M----- wept despondently. Then he said: 'Hallowed be the will of the Lord! We will raise that Aryan child, conceived in sin and shame, if God wills it to be born and live.' He was an Orthodox Jew."

I could hardly believe my ears. "How can you know all this in such minute detail," I asked doubtingly.

"How?" answered the former Czech-Hungarian sugar refiner, 'The red haired Mrs. M----- is the niece of my wife, and she herself related it to us."

I was silent awhile, in thought. I had read the stories coming out of China, of the raping of Chinese and white women by Japanese soldiers, in the horrors of the fall of Nanking, Shanghai, and other cities of China, the year before, attested to by reliable witnesses, both Chinese and white. And since the Japanese are the "Asiatic Aryans," "the yellow herrenvolk," according to the certificate of the Nazis themselves, destined with them for the rule of the world. Could one expect less of the white herrenvolk than of the yellow?

I talked to about a score of the refugees, at the Hotel

Milton. No one leaves his country, relatives, friends, home and a livelihood without some reason. For the most part, they went because they saw the coming storm and left just before it began, and therefore few had experiences with the Nazis. An exception was Adolph H - - -, manager of a factory, making artificial, precious stones in Gablons. His only crime against the Nazis was his Jewish origin, which was expressed rather prominently in his features, especially his nose. The Nazis arrested him as a "dangerous industrialist and a suspicious politician," and sent him to a concentration camp.

His pretty wife went to get him out. After three days of arguing, begging, but mostly "personally yielding," they let him out with the understanding that within forty-eight hours he must disappear. The vivacious, pretty, well-proportioned woman frankly told her husband the price she had to pay for his freedom. "Adolph," she said, "I don't want to pose as a tragic heroine. After all, what happened, happened and could have happened by force without getting anything in return for it. If you think I did wrong, divorce me. I only did what I considered most practicable."

And Adolph H - - - replied: "I'm not a tragic hero or an Othello, either. But you, Malvina, are my most precious wife, and I haven't the slightest desire to di-

vorce you."

They have since lived happily and peacefully in their Hotel Milton home and have great plans for their future.

Morris P - - - had a somewhat similar experience. He had owned a well patronized restaurant in Gratz. Aryan competitors proclaimed him a dangerous enemy of Nazism. Even before Hitler entered Vienna, P - - - was under lock and key.

The day after his arrest, his attractive, twenty-one year old daughter Margareth wanted to visit him. She was told it was impossible, unless——. The girl rose to the occasion. She realized she was valuable merchandise and it was up to her ingenuity, to get the most out of the bargain. For three days she put herself on display.

True, the storm troopers could have possessed her anyway, by force, but that was too risky within the office building, being a "Verboten." There was always some one among the many, who enforced the rules and expected others to comply with them. Besides, there was the possibility of betrayal for selfish reasons.

After three days of flirting she made a bargain. She was "to deliver" for a week, to the captain of the storm troopers and his assistant, although she ran the risk that she would be thrown out altogether, after the

week was over and her father locked up more securely. But she took that chance, resolved to raise a first class scandal if the Nazi captain cheated her. There was no need of that, however, since the Nazi captain kept "his word of honor." (There was no evidence against the girl's father anyway, so in reality they got something for nothing). At the appointed time they released her father to her. Father and daughter were living together at the Hotel Milton.

I asked her tactfully, if her father knew the facts and if so, how he took it?

"For quite a while my father wondered, how he got back his freedom so easily, but I managed to evade his questions. Finally, one day he accused me point blank of illicit relationship with the 'storm trooper rats.' My blood started to boil—'Do you think, father,' I asked him, 'that the Nazi pagans gave you your freedom, for the sake of your pretty eyes?'

"At first he raved, pulled out his hair, heaped Jewish curses upon my head and tore his coat, which is an act of mourning for a loved one dead. 'I'd rather have you dead, together with myself than have this unspeakable disgrace happen to you,' he said.

"I answered cooly: 'Look, father! What happened to me can't be undone anymore. According to the Jewish moral standard, I'm disgraced. So leave me be. If

you consider the price paid for your freedom unacceptable, go back to the Nazis and report for the concentration camp.'

"This sobered my father. He did not go back to the Nazis, and never again condemned my action. We live peacefully together, and I assure you my father has no reason to be shocked about the morals of my present life."

CHAPTER 3

JOURNEY TO VIENNA

I left London. I passed through France, where the people to whom I spoke, either seemed heedless of approaching catastrophe, or confident of national might and the invincibility of the Maginot Line; and through Switzerland, where sober and simple living went on without visible interruption, as though its inhabitants dwelt in some far-off land and not along the borders of France, Germany and Italy, doomed participants in the tremendous events to come.

I was aboard an express speeding towards Vienna. The train stopped at Innsbruck, a picturesque and beautifully kept Tyrolean resort town, nestling among the mountains, where, in former days, travelers were first touched by the breath of Viennese charm and "gemuetlichkeit."

How changed it was now! The station suggested only an occupied, war-torn country. Policemen, storm troopers, Gestapo agents and soldiers swarmed through and around the depot. In this maze of uniformed "law enforcing agents," civilians with overcast features walked timidly—almost apologetically. They reminded one of watchful mice, that scent the presence of a cat in the store-room and use extreme precaution, as they noiselessly, stealthily filch a few grains of wheat. And these

were the once care-free, lusty, life loving Austrians, I thought. What had happened to the serene-faced, cheerful Innsbruck, the dream land of my student years?

A feeling of sadness took possession of me. I turned my head and tried to bury myself in newspapers. It was no use. I saw the letters, read the lines, but I did not understand the words, they faded from my mind and became meaningless. The strange gloominess which I experienced perplexed me, and I sat with my eyes closed.

Suddenly, stern commands, prolonged shouting, and a medley of chaotic voices hit my ears. For a moment I thought the static of a loud radio was blasting into my compartment. Looking out the window, I shook my head and rubbed my eyes. I wanted to be sure I wasn't dreaming. An amazingly mixed human caravan flowed out of the third class waiting room, under the relentless guard of Gestapo gendarmes. Some two hundred odd specimens filled the front of the station—young, old and middle-aged, tattered and well-dressed; unshaven, bearded, gray faces; unwashed, grimy, wrinkled people; a pestiferous, horrid, miserable and pitiful caravan of human beings. I got out of the coach to the platform of the station.

"Who are these people?" I asked, in astonishment, of a passing railroad man.

"Oh, Jews and other political prisoners—the usual rabble of the concentration camps," he answered, in a matter of fact tone.

"How long are we stopping here?"

"Some fifteen minutes more," he said, then added: 'Don't worry, though. This mob won't travel with us. They're waiting for freight cars, to take them to their camps."

So the appalling stories I had heard and read about the treatment of Jews by the Nazis were true. They were not the product of the colorful imagination of refugees, or the fantasy of exuberant journalists. I could now see these miserable victims of the Nazi-craze, from a distance of not more than five feet. There was terror in their alarmed eyes, horror written all over their leaden faces, despair, confusion and a few thousand years of immeasurable Jewish sorrow in their timid glances.

This could be the "captive-transports" of the ferocious Turkish or Tartar hordes, or the groups of Siberian exiles during the Czarist tyranny. Indeed this sight might have been a copy of those ancient Persian and Babylonian pictures of Jewish and other prisoners being driven to slave markets.

And now in the first half of the twentieth century, in the age of aeroplanes, radio, and electricity, the

picture appeared anew!

Issuing from this group of damned and socially leprous outcasts, could be heard a sobbing "Adonoi" or an exclamation of "Shema-Yisroel!" One of the prisoners continuously swore in Hebrew and evoked the most assorted curses of the Old Testament on the Nazi leaders and their custodians. Walking around the pitiful group, I noticed three caftan-wearing Jews, who with their arms extended to the skies, almost hysterically sang the touching strains of the "Kolnidrei."

Another Jew, with the bands wrapped around his arms, the "tefilim" strapped to his head and with his gilt-edged scarf covering his shoulders sang one of the heart-rending psalms of King David:

"And combat for me, O Lord, with my enemies,
"And bring them unto my hands with all their kind,
"And send down to Earth your angel Azrael,
"To shame and humiliate them before Thy face."

Occasionally the Gestapo guards "tenderly" corralled them with their gun-stocks and bid them to silence. In a little while, they were driven into the cars on an adjacent track, to carry them into the oblivion of internment camps.

The bell on my train started to ring, and I hurried back to my compartment.

I had just sat down, when a Roman Catholic prelate,

acompanied by a priest, entered the compartment. The red button on the Canonicals of the prelate, who was the older of the two, an ascetic, slender man, immediately revealed to me his high rank—he was an archbishop. The other was a zealous-looking, pale young priest—his secretary, I learned later.

As befitting altar brothers of the same rank, we greeted each other with the traditional kiss of peace. But in this case, our warm greeting was symbolic, too. It was as though East and West had exchanged the pious kiss of peace—a Roman Catholic and a Greek Catholic archbishop embracing each other without a word. If only the union of the two great Catholic churches could follow in the same way!

I learned from him that they had been to an important synod of the district and that the subject under discussion was the "New Order."

"How would you state the essence of the 'New Order' and what is the church's attitude toward it?", I asked my traveling companion.

A tart smile appeared on the mouth of one of Austria's most eminent prelates, but he remained silent. Instead of an answer he raised his finger to his lips, bidding me to silence. To my astonishment, his secretary arose at the same time, and began to search the compartment. I inquired the reason for this secrecy,

but again his answer was the sign for silence. The secretary continued his search, until with a triumphant smile, he suddenly produced from somewhere a sort of listening device. Before I could voice my bewilderment, the secretary beckoned me to remain silent. He then loosened the connection of the apparatus with his penknife, rendering it inoperative and after he replaced it carefully in its original position, he said:

"You may now, Most Reverend, converse freely, but still not too loud. The mechanical ear hidden in the adjoining compartment may pick up loud voices."

CHAPTER 4

THE ARCHBISHOP'S STORY

What I had just seen seemed to me fantastic and movie-like, although I had heard about the thousand-eyed, ubiquitous, omniscient Gestapo, with its thousand ears.

"I will answer your question now," the archbishop said to me, in a low voice. The essence of the 'New Order,' apart from its pretensions, is horror and tyranny. It has neither reason, sound economics, philosophy; when analyzed carefully, it comes to nothing but the grossest opportunism to retain power, the arbitrary rule of an ignorant group under a ruthless dictator. It is not different from the tyranny of the Pharoahs—with this exception, the modern tyrant can exert much greater force upon his victims, because he had modern weapons at his command. But just because of the power of this 'New Order,' we cannot do anything at present, except to declare — with mental reservation of course—our adherence to it.

I was taken aback for a moment, but then I thought: how can I judge what they should do—they have to live with it—I do not.

He went on: "Every one at the synod well knew that the 'New Order' meant hell not only for the Jews, but also for our Church, though a statement to such effect

was not voiced even in the utmost confidence. This is one reason why every ecclesiastical person should strive to overthrow the 'New Order' in any and every way which the circumstances make possible."

Thinking of the miserable group I had just seen, I asked him: 'What position has the Church taken, regarding Nazi treatment of the Jews?"

"The Church," came the archbishop's reply, "having accepted the old Testament with the New Testament, as the foundation of our creed, has always acknowledged that the Jews are our brothers. And now, in the days of common persecution, this feeling of brotherhood is increased and we hasten to the aid of our Jewish brethren whenever possible."

The picture of the "caravan of the damned" was still vivid in my mind. So I inquired about the frequency of such "deliveries."

There was sadness in the archbishop's voice, as he said: "They are almost daily occurrences. Nowadays events like this are part of the sights of everyday life."

"The Jewish lot must be awful in the Nazi Reich," I said more to myself. But the archbishop chose to answer:

"You shouldn't think that only Jews are sent to concentration camps. In some camps, Christians more than twice outnumber the Jews."

"Well, then I must admit," I replied, "I fail to understand why Nazism which has risen to its height through hatred of the Jews, carries on its purge and persecution against non-Jews, too."

"I can see that you just arrived here, otherwise you could easily understand this. In the present age, everybody is under suspicion, unless he is a seven-tested Nazi. There are persons with every shade of political heresy, according to the Nazis; there are the Hapsburgists, and the separatists, sworn foes of "Annschluss," and others. Then also, many persons are too loose with their words and the Gestapo ears are ever on the alert. Decoys, spies, stoolpigeons, agents-provocateurs and hidden microphones have sealed the sad fate of many thousand families."

"To what do you attribute," I questioned, "that Hitler, who gave no indication of genius when he was a corporal, has come to master nations, peoples, churches, history—everything and everybody?"

A smile accompanied the archbishop's answer: "One could advance many explanations, but perhaps the most illustrative is a native fable, which I heard when I was a young missionary. I will narrate it as it was told to me by the medicinemen of a Maori tribe.

"A long time ago when elephants grew twice as large as today, the wife of a tribe's ruling chief found some

strange eggs, which therefore should have been destroyed.

"The chief's wife, however, in the pattern of the eternal woman, was curious to see what would hatch out of the eggs and so opposed the idea of destroying them. When the sorcerer complained about this to the chief, the latter took his wife's part.

" 'We must wait,' he said, 'and find out what comes out of the eggs. If it will be something evil, we can always kill it. There can be no such eggs that would hatch a full grown tiger or lion.'

"So the eggs were put back into the bag and the tribe waited to see what would happen. The scorching equatorial sun of Polynesia did its work and after a few weeks, queer, little, lizard-like reptilians hatched from the eggs. There were six of these black-spotted, strange little creatures with shining, golden-yellow backs, and they briskly crept about and diligently hunted for worms, locusts, and even small toads.

"The tribe's wary wizard again warned the chief that the little animals ought to be killed, because they were very voracious and when they grew up they would not hunt for insects, but for men.

"Nevertheless the tribal chief's wife and the chief himself objected and even asserted that the ravenous little beasts might greatly aid the tribe by consuming the

mulitudinous, noxious insects, frogs and serpents.

"Thus the little reptiles which in reality were none other than dragon whelps, were fondled by the natives who fed them, tatooed their grotesque figures on their faces and chests, and wore jade amulets, the so-called 'tikis,' which were carved in the likeness of these popular pets.

"It came to pass then, one night, that the enlarged but still sprightly animals, which had grown rapidly on their tasty diet, vanished without a trace. But soon the tribe-scenters picked up their trails, which led through the great jungle to the mouth of a great river, called 'Mother of Rivers.' There was nothing for the tribe to do, but to resign itself to the fact of the disappearance of their pets.

'Some tenfold ten rainy seasons passed over the life of the tribe, and the incident of the dragon-eggs was known only by the sorcerers, when a moonlit night brought an attack against the settlement by six enormous dragons, which devoured every living creature, man and beast alike, that happened in their destructive path.

"The same attack recurred every night for some time and soon final extermination threatened the tribe. Then all the wise-men, sorcerers and wizards of the tribe came together and decided that a giant cave must be

built for the dragons in the vicinity of the river and a sufficient quantity of victuals placed there for them in order that they should not visit the village of the tribe in quest of food.

"This was done. A titanic cave-temple was erected and the tribesmen assiduously fetched the foodstuff there. The natives went hungry oftentimes; but they would not dare to starve the dragons. Thus, slowly they became slaves of the dragons, which were eventually represented among the images of the tribe's deities.

"Something like this happened with Hitler, too. At first Herr Stinnes, then in the Braun cabinet, and later Chancellor Von Papen and President Hindenburg fondled him, until gradually he grasped for himself total power over the Germans.

"When France finally realized the danger and decided to do away with the 'dragon whelp,' the benevolent chief's wife re-appeared in the person of England who wanted to study at any cost the social and political effects of Hitlerism's dragon-eggs. It was England or, rather, the ruling class of England, who, in spite of warnings from the 'quack oracles,' prevented France from destroying Hitler. Thus the Fuehrer's freckled little dragon-eggs have become the frightful, monstrous, fire-splitting dragon which wants to remake every one to his own image, and devastates and destroys every-

thing and everybody that dares to oppose.

"And with the story of the dragon-eggs brought up to date and applied to Hitler, I give my allegorical answer to your question."

I was deeply impressed by this allegory. Recent historical developments seemed to me to be lighted up by it, as a scene is developed with all its lights and shadows, by a skillful photographer.

"Your Eminence," I asked him, "Do you think Austria will become Nazified?"

"Austria will never become a truly willing adherent to Nazism, because the Austrian spirit and mind are incapable of barbarism even though it should come in the hundredfold disguise of fraternalism and should speak the most eloquent German tongue," he answered promptly. "Nazism can sooner make spiritual conquest of other nations, than make Austria accept its tenets. No one has ever been able to mix oil with water. And believe me, Vienna is the oil, Berlin the water!"

The archbishop continued with details of the awful terror in which the whole Roman Catholic Church lived. He related how clergymen, with the least suspicion against them, were interned in secret concentration camps. He told how Nazi mobs smeared the doors and windows of his palace, virtually under the Gestapo's supervision, how putrid rats had been smuggled on the

altars and communion tables by gaping Nazi heretics.

"It is hardly credible yet true," he added, "that an invisible Hitlerite "Gessler hat" is hung on every corner and woe is to him who fails to salute this hat. Such ignorant or unfortunate man, who fails to 'pay proper respect' to this symbol of Hitler's might runs the risk of not only losing his own hat, but often his head for such 'gross irreverence.'

"Also, you will find out sooner or later, that in today's Austria, about every fifth man is a spy, an informer, or a Gestapo bloodhound."

"What about the condition of the Jews here, Your Eminence?"

"The Jews? Why they are what is called 'vogelfrei' —that is, fair game for extermination—like a noxious weed. But ironically, the Nazis still insist that every atrocity against the Jews should have the appearance of lawfulness. As a matter of fact, after the first burst of outrageous rapine of Jews and their execution for alleged 'opposition' to the Nazi government, it ordered martial law against all who would pillage, or kill Jews 'unlawfully.' But the reason given for such an unexpectedly stern and 'humane' measure crowned everything I heard before. The Jewish wealth, said the decre invoking martial law, is national wealth, and whosoever spoils the national wealth is subject to the death

penalty!

"The Nazis, of course, could not allow such 'Jew-protecting measure' to stand without suitable counter-measures. So they elaborated a series of crafty provisions for the 'lawful confiscation' of Jewish wealth. The surest system' is to arrest a Jew for some cleverly concocted, ostensible, 'crime' and then all they have to do is to wait until the desperate relatives come around to inquire about the prisoner's fate. Of course, the arrested Jew has by this time gone through a few anterooms of the Nazi hell and is more than glad to surrender all his earthly and heavenly treasure as payment of ransom, if he can regain his sordidly confiscated liberty. In such cases the sentence of imprisonment in the concentration camp is usually remitted for a monetary fine, which can be produced only by the financial ruination of some eight or ten kinsmen.

"The Nazis invented a devilishly formidable 'terminus technicus' that has never before been employed, even by the inquisitors of the middle age, and which is well and widely known. This technique assumes that it is not in the interest of the German Reich that all inmates of the concentration camps should return to normal, civil life. The documents of the cases to which this rule is to be applied are marked with a cross and a capital 'N', standing I suppose, for 'Nein' or 'Nicht'; and the

dreadful meaning of this mark is that the particular person is 'to be put out of the way' soon. This latter procedure, too, works along a perfectly systematized pattern and the doomed victim dies almost automatically in the internment camp.

"When the Gestapo investigators surmise that the captured Jew or his family possesses considerable w e a l t h, they quite casually, almost absent-mindedly mention during the process of 'information,' that the case is likely to be one which should be marked with the ominous 'N' and the cross. The family naturally goes down on bent knees, to offer their last pennies, or convert all their possessions into cash, with which to save the prisoner from receiving the well-known symbols.

"The most revolting cases are those in which misjudgment of the seized Jew's financial condition happens. In such event the only way to freedom is, if the wretched creature has a good looking wife, daughter or such other attractive relative who ransoms him with her body, by the practically overt offering for sale of her most sacred virtues. For these prototypes of the Aryan world who have made unyielding laws to forbid Aryan-Jewish love and marriage, consider the pretty, young Jewesses as desirable delicacies, something of amatory caviar and frequently force them to become

the subject of their ignoble, insatiable lust.

"The semi-official take the attitude that Jewesses merely fulfill a higher calling, when they satisfy in this manner the brothel-need of Aryan soldiers, fatigued in the grave service of patriots.

"This type of ransom is becoming more and more prevalent, because the Nazis in order to avoid scandals and to preserve the appearance of 'Aryan honor', usually carry out their part of the amorous bargain. Jewish women are now getting more and more aware of this and a few of them would rather sacrifice their virtue than the family riches.

"More than once, leading men among the Austrian Jews discussed the problem of such flagrant, dishonorable and shameful trafficking of feminine virtue and family honor. The greatest consternation was caused by the fact, that many Jewish brides—the future Jewish mothers—parted with their maidenhood on the 'wedding-bed' of bawdy Nazi concupiscence.

This group, which included eminent rabbis, summed up in two main points the problems which had to be solved in connection with such hideous realities. One of these points was to determine whether a Jewess should in such cases sacrifice her body and honor, or rather, should die together with her relatives? The other question under deliberation was the fate of the

offspring of such vile coerced love-unions.

"One faction insisted that the Jewesses and their families should rather perish than become conscious and voluntary instruments of the base, lewd carnality of ravishing Nazi underlings. Because, if they should die, maintained this group, it would be the manifestation of Jehovah's will. Abraham was willing too, continued their argument, to offer the sacrifice of his only son, Isaac, on God's alter, and so should these present day daughters be willing to give up their lives if the Lord wills it so.

"The others, quoting from the Book of Esther in the Old Testament ,asserted that is was Mordecai himself, first uncle of the beauteous Esther who persuaded her to submit herself to the carnal desire of the Persian King, Ahasuerus, in order to frustrate the anti-Semitic plots of his grand vizier, Haman—the Hitler of his age. And for such sacrifice of her honor the Bible not only fails to condemn Esther, but on the contrary, it glorifies her sacrifice and celebrates it yearly with the festival of Purim and the Feast of Esther.

"Thus the majority declared that in cases where the life of a Jewish woman's relatives is at stake, such Jewish woman, in the spirit of the Talmud would not commit sin and should not be considered 'fallen and disgraced'.

"Much more heated was the argument which arose from the discussion of the other point—the fate of any possible fruitage of such pardonable indulgence. Some cited the strict Jewish laws which expressly forbid the marriage to gentiles. How could it be then even considered that unclean lives begotten in the hells of such sinful fornication should be brought to life.

"Others, again, retorted that although the old Jewish laws prohibited intermarriage with non-Jews, still it is the Scriptures which teach that in numerous cases the most eminent Jews married gentiles and even Jewish prophets were born from such wedlock. King David himself and his son Solomon, known for his wisdom, also kept hundreds of non-Jewish wives.

"Finally the rabbis decided—and such decision together with the one made before redounds honor upon Jewry—that the inflexible laws of the Jews against induced abortion must not be violated, even though the offspring be begotten in fulfillment of the unchaste lust of Aryan-Philistines.

"The people of the Ten Commandments, carriers of the Scriptures—therefore opens the portals of life even to the bastard issued of lewd Aryans' free love, and will rear such children as their own.

"I should like to add," concluded the archbishop in a fervid voice, "that in my opinion this was a Biblical

pronouncement whose moral strength will again cast its light ahead for centuries and even now elevates the Jewish spirit to sublime heights above the degraded Nazi spirit!"

A question was running through my mind all the while and I could not wait any longer asking it: "How long does your Eminence think this satanic reign may endure?"

"The way I see things," answered the high priest sadly, "for a very long time yet. I can almost say that this reign has hardly begun."

"On what do you base such opinion, your Eminence?" I asked and my voice almost quivered with excitement.

"My opinion is based on the fact," said the archbishop gloomily, "that dreamers or helpless amateurs sit in practically all democratic governments of the world and they cannot perceive the essential steps to be taken against this satanic regime. Especially can this statement be applied to England, where all trust and confidence is founded on paper treaties on the one hand, and the world-renowned prestige of the British Empire on the other. What they really should do instead of such political absurdity is to prepare themselves properly and quickly to defend their very existence."

"Nevertheles, don't you think," I continued, "that the

several threatened nations will join together in a 'sacred alliance' to drive this liberated monster of the middle ages back into its dark den?"

"I confess that is what I believe the least. Shortsightedness, selfishness, jealousy for booty, envy of the other's might, vanity, lack of vision, narrowmindedness, and restricted family-politics can never achieve such cooperation. Most likely they will first bleed away one by one. Afterwards they will bewail the absence of timely cooperation, consolidation and concord!"

"But I cannot understand how all this could happen," I remarked dubiously. "After all, the world's diplomats and statesmen still possess superior education and experience, in addition to their excellent spiritual and political abilities. How can one suppose so much ignorance, so much blindness on their part?"

"The world is governed by men with much less brains than is generally supposed," rejoined the archbishop simply. "It is just like our discovery about a great many generals, that it was in vain they devoted their whole lives to military science and stratagem, because they know less about war than anything else."

"But the fact remains," I said with a shade of defiance in my voice, "that England, France, the United States, the British dominions, and some fifteen to twenty European countries are still intact. How do you

suppose the Nazi tide could sweep away all these nations?"

"You evidently forget, your Eminence," was the archbishop's quick reply, "What I said about this before. Hitler will conquer them one by one, playing out one against the other, and setting each one against the other, or luring certain nations into his fold through threats or promises."

"Still, have you not left Russia out of your calculations? For it is indeed hardly conceivable that the Soviet Union would uphold a lasting peace with Hitlerite Germany, which would mean little less for Russia than national suicide?"

"I admit, the Soviet presents somewhat of a mystery for the time being. But for Hitlerism to be successful, it is sufficient to cultivate Soviet friendship until the Nazis get a firm foothold all over Europe. Once this is accomplished, Russia will have a really hard task on hand to please the Nazi 'friend'."

These remarks were made by his Eminence about two months before the Pact of Munich! His name I cannot, of course, reveal until Nazism ceases to be. Betrayal of his trust might result in fatal consequences to him, for he is still performing his priestly functions in Austria.

The more frequent sounding of the train whistle now

reminded us that our conversation would have to end soon. We were speedily approaching the former Austrian capitol. Introduced by the loud clatter of their swords and the superior pose of the world-conquering "uebermaenchen," more and more Nazi officers were boarding our train. Glancing into our compartment—and probably annoyed by the sight of three clergymen—they quickly shut the door, but not soon enough to conceal characteristic grimaces of displeasure. To our relief, they evidently did not seek our company. Nor did we crave theirs!

We were drawing closer to the former "Kaiserstadt," where not so long ago, Europe's oldest ruling dynasty occupied the throne within the ancient Burg's yellowed walls, and it was thronged by the obsequious generals, statesmen and dignitaries of an empire which counted fifty-five million subjects; and where the most rigid ceremonial formalities of the Spanish etiquette had to be observed by all who set foot inside the court.

A blend of happy and sad memories arose in my soul.

How gloomily must now be the Vienna that I had known, the melodious, ever-singing, dancing and laughing maedchen of yore, that inspired the poets and artists and won the hearts of kings and queens!

My traveling companion, the Roman Catholic prelate who did not live in Vienna, had to change trains and

started to get ready. With thoughtful consideration of me, he inquired if I had made arrangements for my lodging, or if I would go to some clergyman's home.

"I have no acquaintances in Vienna now," I said pensively. "Not such, anyway, where I could stay."

Procuring a small official memorandum, the obliging archbishop wrote a few lines on it and handed it to me. "If you will give this note to the Mother Superior of the convent at the address shown, you will be welcome there for any length of time," he said.

Somewhat embarrassed I remarked: "Are you not forgetting, your Eminence, that I am a Greek Catholic?"

"That does not matter," he answered with a smile and added softly, "the time has come when all Christian churches should unite against the new Antichrist, because the horns of Asmodeus, this mythological evil spirit which seems to have been resurrected in Nazi disguise, have grown too large and his fangs have been whetted much too sharp."

Taking warm, friendly leave of each other, the Austrian archbishop trustingly whispered to me: "May the Lord will that when we meet again, the spirit of Christ's Kingdom will reign on Earth, where not so long ago, all enjoyed his share of peace, happiness, faith and freedom."

"Amen," I replied.

The engine's iron-lungs breathed hoarsely. The train arrived under the arches of the glass-topped, somewhat antiquated station. We were in Vienna.

CHAPTER 5

AT THE CONVENT - VISITORS

Hardly had I alighted from the train, when I sensed a multitude of eagle-eyed, sniffing Cerberuses around me. I hurriedly gave my luggage to a porter who carried it to a taxicab. Custom and passport examinations had been completed at the first border station and I was allowed to enter the city without any further investigation.

At first the driver honked the horn of the cab frequently. He had a hard time getting out of the traffic of the congested areas, which were "adorned" now and then by marching German troops, supply wagons, and mechanized units. The idea was, I heard later, to impress the skeptical Viennese—if there still were any doubtful minded citizens — that the Nazi conquerors were now the masters.

After we struggled through the main section of the city, I was surprised at the murky and deserted appearance of the evening-clad streets, the absence of the once gleaming shop windows and coffee houses. Flashes of memory brought back to me the past, when gay fox trots, mellow Strauss waltzes, or the enlivening tunes of fiery Hungarian chardashes sounded from the restaurants, cafes and elaborate night clubs. All this was missing now. Only darkness, silence and dejection filled the air.

We drove by the famous St. Stephen's Cathedral, century-old pride of the Viennese. But even its slim, unusually high towers were now enveloped in deep darkness. Soon we reached the age-old outer walls of the Burg and drove alongside of it for some time. The castle, formerly so bright and pompous was also enveloped by a sad dimness, thicker perhaps than it had ever been before. How great the changeableness of capricious Fate, I reflected. It was within these walls, that the beautiful Maria Theresa ruled her empire so well, that with the aid of the Magyars, whom her beauty had totally enthralled, her armies beat Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, greatest military genius of his age. It was here, too, inside these very walls, that Elizabeth, Hungarian queen whose beauty surpassed even Maria Theresa's, wove for decades her cloudy dreams. And now within these confines, colored with the sacred patina of history, the Nazi guards' spiked lace-boots marched along the hallways. Nazi victors promenade within these sturdy, proud walls, whose interior has seen the enemy but twice before—when Hungarian King Mathias conquered Vienna with his "black army," and again when Napoleon, the French conqueror, slept in the escaped Austrian emperor's bereft, majestic bed.

Another grotesque thought grasped my mind, as I recalled that Jewish ministers, statesmen, financial leaders and generals had regularly frequented this self same Burg, where they made their reports and participated in decisions which affected the whole empire. And today these Jewish ministers, politicians, generals, and erstwhile industrial kings could not even be servants in the banks or corporals in the army. A deep sorrow settled upon me. Where are the Viennese songs, where the Viennese moods, tastes, and colors and the once brightly shining Viennese lights?

The taxicab stopped in front of the convent. The driver was visibly surprised when, after he politely opened the door, I gave him a tip. There was sincerity in his voice when he said with a sigh: "Danke schoen, thank you very much—tips nowadays are as rare in Vienna as white ravens."

I rang the convent bell and the gate was opened by a soft-voiced, humble-looking nun. She acknowledged my introduction with a deep obeisance and respectfully took from me the archbishop's letter of recommendation. She mildly requested me to follow her and presently I was in the spacious, arched hall. The youthful sister soon returned with the Mother Superior—an elderly woman with stern expression and commanding personality, who

cordially greeted me and asked the sister to show me to a room.

Shortly I entered one of the convent's guest rooms which was furnished with tasteful simplicity.

Hardly more than a few minutes had passed, when another nun knocked on my door and asked for my passport. Strict orders were received, she explained, to submit to the Gestapo all guests' passports, within an hour of their arrival.

A little while later my supper was brought to me—a simple, but palatably prepared meal. After supper the sister returned my passport, which bore the Gestapo's stamp of approval. "Everything seems to be all right for the time being," she assured me.

"What do you mean, sister, 'for the time being'," I inquired with much interest.

"The local Gestapo forwards all data to the general headquarters, your Eminence," was her explanation. "But sometimes the headquarters takes an entirely different view on such matters."

"Well, it's all right," I remarked confidently, "I came with a regular American passport, I'm a free citizen of the United States and there's not a single word in my passport with which they could find fault."

The sister left and I quickly retired. I fell into a deep sleep, but the train's monotonously rattling noise

haunted my dreams in a jumble of different shapes.

Fleeting and returning experiences and fragmentary pictures raced through my brain. Over and over I lived through various stages of my life.

Many incoherent dream-chapters brought back other memories and then suddenly my dreams turned into newer events. I dreamed that the Gestapo, thinking that because of my long beard, (which I had only in my dream) that I was a Jew, locked me in a cell with Jews. There I found myself in heated argument with some Talmudist Jews, who brawled about the teaching of the New Testament. A red-bearded rabbi, called Yisroel, wrangled that Jesus had collected the material for his Sermon on the Mount from King David's psalms, the utterances of the Prophet Ezekiel and the book of Judges. This impious assertion made me very angry and I began rumbling on the cell door and demanded my release because, I insisted, I was in no mood as a Christian to remain incarcerated in the company of such neo-Pharisees.

The rumble grew stronger and stronger. Finally it sounded so loud that I suddenly awoke. But very peculiarly, the noise persisted. It must be, I thought, my fatigue had so exhausted my nerves, that I was having hallucinations.

But no, a forceful knock with a fist, a resounding kick on the door of my room and the repeated yelling "open up!" unmistakably convinced me that I was not having delusions and that some one was in fact outside.

"Who is it, who's knocking there?" I asked in alarm.

"This is the Gestapo!" came the answer. "Open the door at once!"

I hurriedly donned my cassock and opened the door. Four civilian-clad, grim men entered my room. A young, husky German, apparently the leader, said: "We are sorry, your Eminence, that we must trouble you at this late hour of the night, but these are our orders. Please open your baggage."

"I'll be glad to do it if that is all you want, although I can assure you that your visit is in vain. I do not bother with politics and I do not belong to any political party or organization."

"We hope for your sake, your Eminence, that it is so," came the cool reply. Then they began searching and ransacking my suitcases. Exhibiting apparent disappointment they were about to leave, when an observant Gestapo agent produced from the bottom of one of my suitcases two American and London newspapers.

The leader deliberately looked at the contents of the papers. Apparently he could read English. Suddenly

with a triumphant gesture, he took a blue pencil from his pocket and heavily underlined certain parts. Then with frigid, cutting voice he turned to me: "These papers contain propaganda articles against the Third Reich. Is it not the purpose of your Eminence's visit to Vienna, to multiply these articles and to disseminate such false propaganda?

"But my dear sir," I said resentfully, "You are letting your imagination run away with you! You are attributing things to me which have never even occurred to me."

"It is the lawful right of the Gestapo to suspect," was his cynical reply, to which I rejoined rather irritatedly: "Perhaps so; but it is also its duty to prove."

"We will thank your Eminence not to remind us of our duty. This is usually resented by the Gestapo."

"And where I come from," I interrupted him, "it is resented if the peaceful, religious quiet of a convent is transgressed without any cause and an old, travel-weary priest is forced out of his bed in the middle of his sleep without any imaginable reason."

"Your Eminence speaks in cross word puzzles," said my examiner haughtily. "We actually find suspicious propaganda papers in your luggage and it is my duty now to summon you for further inquiry. Kindly present yourself at the Gestapo headquarters at the time

and place shown on this summons." He handed me a paper. "Meanwhile, please surrender your passport, which will be returned if our suspicion is removed."

I handed him my passport, but could not refrain from saying: "I waive in advance all apologies due to me; but I expect that proper excuses will be made by you for this rough intrusion on the convent's peace and quiet."

"I can readily see that your Eminence comes from a country, where overly free and independent citizens have no idea about official rights, orders and respect. Granting that the Gestapo may err, still it never owes apology or satisfaction to any individual or institution, because any possible mistake can originate only from the genuine desire of serving the Reich's interest."

"Very well," I nodded, "this may be your constitutional order and it is really no concern of mine. But still, even if you disregard in me the churchman, the fatigued, innocent traveler, you should at least respect my American citizenship."

"Your Eminence's American citizenship will suffer no harm, if it will be proved that no anti-Reich act was intended or committed. And now, gute nacht, your Eminence!"

The Gestapo minion clicked his heels and departed.

The sight presented by my room after the Gestapo

ransacking reminded me of stories of the ravages by Crimean Tartars. After this unexpected excitement, I could not think of sleep and began replacing the contents of my suitcases. The Gestapo's duty calls only for ransacking, scattering, and strewing about. Wrapping, packing and restoration of order are left to the "suspect."

Several of the nuns returning from midnight mass knocked on my door and volunteered to help me. I thankfully declined their assistance and offered my sincere apologies for the disorder and inconvenience caused by my presence.

Trying to put me at ease, the sisters assured me that this was almost routine procedure, when a visitor, male or female, arrives from abroad. One of the nuns recounted her experience while she was in the convent of the Saviour's Daughters, when all rooms, cells, dormitories, and halls were ransacked and everybody, from the Mother Superior down, had to submit to bodily search by special Gestapo women. When the confessor, she continued, who had just arrived to hold mass, energetically protested against such insult, he was arrested for contempt and insubordination, and was set free only after two weeks' imprisonment.

Still agitated from the Gestapo visit, I hardly closed my eyes the rest of the night and felt welcome relief,

when the first rays of the sun found their way into my room.

When morning came, the Mother Superior called to express her regret that she could not assure the inviolability of the convent's guest-right, but, she explained, since the Nazis came into power, the autonomy of religious houses was not respected.

I attributed all the unpleasantness, however, to the fact that I was there and expressed my readiness to leave the convent as soon as the Gestapo formaliies were over. The kindhearted Mother Superior would not even hear of this and made me promise to stay there during my entire sojourn in Vienna.

After breakfast a taxi was called and I started for the Gestapo headquarters.

CHAPTER 6

GESTAPO INQUISITION

It was an old-ill-boding building at which the cab stopped. There was nothing unusual about the entrance. Only a small sign indicated that this was the building in which the "New Order" functioned through its dreaded organ, the Gestapo.

Quiet surrounded the exterior, but the interior buzzed with noise, and had the appearance of an ant hill. Policemen, storm troopers and Gestapo agents bustled about by the dozens, but their helter-skelter rush betrayed no aim or method. Some of them were pushing along handcuffed prisoners whose miserable appearance and expressions would have aroused pity in even the most ruthless men.

It was only now that I fully began to realize the vast difference between a constitutional form of Government and a dictatorship.

The rooms were numbered haphazardly, and I had difficulty in finding the place shown on my summons. As I wandered from one hallway to the other, some leading to dead-ends, I felt that this Gestapo headquarters was like the mythological labyrinth, without however the guiding thread of Ariadne.

The end of one of the hallways was shut off by iron bars. Beyond these were Gestapo prison cells and all

the awful secrets hidden by these solid bars!

In spite of my determination to remain calm and composed, I could not overcome anxiety. But this was not surprising. I had heard such accounts of atrocity by the Gestapo, that now, while groping about within its very walls, I could not free myself from the effect of the stories.

Shrieks mingled with feminine screams filtered into the hall from beyond the iron bars and this was perhaps the reason that a guard ordered me to leave this particular section, which was "verboten" to all except men on duty.

Everything around me exuded awe and mystery. I tried to fortify myself by saying that a high priest and an American citizen could not be treated by the Nazis as they pleased. After all, the U. S. Government has always been able to protect its citizens, I thought. Yet I had the feeling that this pagan "order" would acknowledge no proection or authority except its own. Former Austrian Chancellor Schussnig's case was in point. He wanted to avoid useless bloodshed and called upon the people and authorities of Austria, in his most memorable radio speech, to allow safe passage to the Nazi troops. But as he was later loath to eulogize the Nazi regime and to cringe to Hitler, he was thrown into jail and even his execution was considered. So, also jail

sentences had awaited all Austrian aristocrats, writers, and artists who had even belonged to anti-Nazi organizations or were too slow to swear allegiance to the "New Order." Such a victim was, among others, Baron Rothschild, whose only fault was his Jewish religion. All this made it seriously possible that I too might meet some disagreeable experience. I was, after all, in the "House of Secrets," yes, truly a house of secrets, mysteries and gruesomeness, compared to which the movies' so-called "houses of terror" look like kindergartens.

No matter in which direction I looked all I could see were fierce "werewolves" who disappeared with their prey behind some locked door. And when they reappeared, perhaps another human life would be gone—a life of one whose only "fault" was that he was born a Jew, or had otherwise aroused the displeasure of the Gestapo.

I passed through a corridor where a considerable number of men and a few women were standing with faces turned to the wall, so that they could not see anyone and their faces could not be seen. But even so, they presented a shocking sight. With their mussed hair and bent heads, garbed in sleeveless coats, tattered, ragged shirts, torn blouses and laceless shoes, they were really a ghastly array of unfortunates What seemed to me the strangest thing about them was that they were

all dripping wet, like a group of bewitched rats which had just emerged from the sewers

At first I could not imagine what might have happened to them. Then it flashed through my mind that these ill-starred creatures had been beaten half dead and now, before they would be taken away, had been thrust fully dressed under a shower, to rinse off any conspicuous blood spots on their clothes.

I shivered. I felt that the Gestapo was nothing but a wholesale business of torture, in which hundreds of Gestapo bloodhounds and scores of "graduate jurists" had but a single task—to develop the art of torture to the highest possible degree and to extract from the victims all they wanted them to "confess."

I cast a final glance at the suffering, desperate group. The women looked especially miserable and totally with any feminine charm and beauty. If the "New Order" had no other charge against them than that it has so ruthlessly wiped the innate traces of human dignity from the faces of men and women, this charge alone should be more than enough to consign this order, together with its creators and protagonists, into the eternal abyss of inhuman sin, never to rise again!

To reach my destination I had to go across a glass covered passageway which linked two wings of the building. My overwrought imagination brought to my

mind a vivid picture of Venice's "Bridge of Sighs," which connected the Palace of the Doges with their somber prison building. The despots of that day arranged everything effectively. Laden with a multitude of treasures of art, the Palace of the Doges was separated from the prison by this narrow passageway, with just a middle-sized window in the passageway and the silent, mysterious depth of the Grand Canal below. The prisoners, according to notes and tradition, had only a "one way" passage through this span. On their return they were most of them corpses sewn into sacks to be tossed from the window of the "Bridge of Sighs" into the silent, cryptic waves of the Canal.

Finally, I reached the outer door of Captain von Schwartzberg's office, on which another "von" and two other captains' names were shown.

My "one way passage" thus completed over the "Bridge of Sighs," I sought God's mercy to allow me a return trip.

I was just reading the names on the door—perhaps subconsciously trying to gain time to compose myself—when the door was suddenly flung open and a bloody-faced, hatless man of forty in torn shirt, propelled by the swing of an enormous kick actually fell into my arms, bloodstaining my cassock.

I could hardly realize what was happening when two

robust Gestapo men who were following him seized him and pushed him away.

Several persons, not yet prisoners, assembled when they noted the commotion, but no one dared utter a word. I quietly asked a man who stood beside me: "What could he have done to deserve such treatment? What could be his crime?"

"His crime? He didn't want to 'sing' — the poor lamb," was the matter-of-course answer.

"He didn't want to sing?" I asked innocently. "Why should he sing? This is the Gestapo headquarters, not a theater."

The man—he looked like a merchant—eyed me with a glance of wonder and said: "I see your Eminence is a stranger around here. 'To sing' means to confess. 'Lamb' means prisoner or jailbird. In other words the prisoner didn't want to confess and was put under 'treatment' publicly, which occasionally happens in order to influence those who are about to enter the 'pit' or 'circus'—'the hearing room' to your Eminence—so that by that time they are nervous wrecks and 'confess' as freely as they are required!"

As he appeared none to complimentary about Nazism, I was about to express my own opinion of this practice. But just in time I recalled the statement of the archbishop about the ever-present agents-provocateurs,

who pretend to be anti-Nazis, in order to befriend and gain the trust of credulous and unsuspecting victims. So I swallowed the words which were about to leave my lips and opened the door and went in.

I found myself in a waiting room where some twenty-five persons were sitting waiting to be called. Four doors led into four or more different rooms—as many "offices of examination," I saw later.

An armed Gestapo man approached me and demanded my summons. Then pointing to a seat, he asked me to wait until I was called. Now I had a chance to look around and noticed that only two others were among the "guests" who were not yet prisoners. The rest of them were sitting in two's—one prisoner, one Gestapo guard. The latter did not have the handcuffs clasped about their own wrists, as is customary in America, but held a strap or chain fastened to the prisoner's handcuff.

I was glad that I had to wait and so had a chance to collect myself, to look around, and to accustom myself to this Gestapo atmosphere. All Gestapo guards looked well-fed, strong and especially haughty, their prisoners —Jews and others—just a group of tormented, sleepless, spent pariahs. This place resembled a bizarre jungle scene—we were at the headquarters of a human jungle, into which every wolf, jackal and hyena, every

wild beast had to bring its prey; and as the prisoners sat with their wrinkled, furrowed faces, unwashed and unshaven, it really looked as though each Gestapo beast had his scared, crouched, sad-eyed prey cringing beside him.

Various doors opened, releasing some and admitting others into the inner offices. Still, the number of those waiting did not diminish, because other prisoners were being brought in by other Gestapo agents.

Excited shouts coming from the inside offices could be heard in the waiting room. Yet it seemed evident that the victims were not "treated" in those rooms, until after they had been sufficiently "softened up," so that they were now willing to confess to anything they had, or had not committed. Such confessions were then signed by the stupefied prisoners, who did not even care anymore that by such signing they sealed their own and their family's fate.

There were, to be sure, a few stubborn, recalcitrant delinquents, who retracted everything during the examination and declared that they had made their confessions under duress, or some form of torture. In such cases, I later learned, the Gestapo inquisitor might remark with feigned surprise: "The alleged mistreatment will be probed; should it be substantiated, severe disciplinary action will be taken against the offending

persons. But if you will not be able to prove your accusation, you will be fined in addition for slandering official persons."

This kind of "accusation" by the prisoner provoked the Gestapo detectives even more and they would often start with additional "persuasion," even before they left the door of the examination room, with the prisoner in their charge.

While I was waiting for my call, one such occurrence took place, with no one daring to object. Nor was I, I must admit, in the mood to utter a single word of protest. It was a tragi-comic scene—if indeed comedy could be thought of in this place—when a Gestapo man, his eyes blazing, indignantly turned to his prisoner, apparently not yet ready to "confess" and shouted: "Whats' the big idea, you rat? Why have I bothered with you for all these three days? Why have my hands got all swollen up on your bony cheeks? Did I sweat and work with you for nothing? And now you dare to make a liar out of me in front of the captain? I'll soften you up this time, so that you'll be just like jelly!" A blow and a kick, both well aimed, serve as appropriate finishing touches to his examination.

There was a female prisoner who was not quite acquiescent and hysterically sprang on her guard and amidst a burst of screams and fierce curses, scratched

the Gestapo guard's face in several places. He finally grabbed her, wrenched her arms to her back, and strapping her hands, he raged: "You're a real wild cat, sister, but wait till tomorrow! You'll be tame like a little kitten, I promise you!"

All this must have been casual occurrences around here, because the Gestapo men hardly raised their cold eyes to such scenes. They even seemed to enjoy the woman's hysterical fit. Some smiled, others laughed out loud. One of them called to the guard: "Well, Hermann, what'll you tell the wife at home? She'll be thinking that some unwilling bar-fly marred your pretty face so thoroughly!"

According to the Scriptures, when Christ died Roman mercenaries were casting dice for his pall. I was overwhelmed, when I noticed two jovial Gestapo boys playing dice—not for money, nor for a cloak—but for the hairs of a middle-aged Jew's beard. Was I dreaming? No, that is exactly what they were doing. Their victim did not even move. Stoically, with glassy eyes he just looked into space, while blood began to ooze from his chin and a collection of his hair grew in front of his tormentors. There was no doubt, I thought, but that the whole personnel of the Gestapo consisted of mentally diseased, sadistic, insane people.

"Herr Gottlieb," mockingly said one of the 'gamb-

lers,' "you'd better pull for me because I tear out only the gray hairs and if I keep on winning, you'll be rejuvenated pretty soon."

So this is, I said to myself, a close-up view of Hitlerite youth, such are the "Lohengrin progenies," the twentieth century representatives of the heroic "Niebelunglied," such the new sprigs that have sprouted from the tree, which once gave Von Humboldt, Brahms, Goethe and Heine to Germany and to the world.

The victim, with his stoicism and immobile dignity, seemed to be soaring immeasurable heights above his tormentors. This man, incidentally, did not look Semetic at all; rather he could have been a descendant of those mixed races which came with the Magyars from Asia a thousand years ago. His stocky figure, round head, wide nose, and short, heavy neck did not exhibit the usual appearance of the Jewish people. What a pity, I pondered, that no scientific and absolutely reliable test had been invented which could infallably show the proportion of "hated Semetic blood" in a person. How many Nazi leaders, and Gestapo agents might prove to have been "contaminated" by Jewish blood! And vice versa, how many Jews might possibly discover that racially they have no relationship to the Jews, who are claimed by the Nazis to have been the cause, which necessitated the Aryan laws.

The Gestapo agent sitting nearest to me guarded a tall, aristocratic-looking non-Jewish man of about thirty. His hands were fastened together with a strap and its end was held by his keeper. The prisoner and the guard were talking in a low tone, yet I could not help overhearing them. From their conversation I gradually understood that the young man's crime was that he had been the secretary of a district Hapsburgist party and was reluctant to surrender the party's membership list. He alleged he had destroyed it, because the party had abandoned all further activities. He was very anxious to find out the possible fate or punishment that awaited him.

Since he was neither a Jew nor had committed any actual crime against Nazi Germany, the Gestapo guard condescended to talk to him and even to counsel him in a low voice. "Your crime," he consoled his prisoner, "isn't proved, because your defense might be true. The only trouble is that Archduke Otto was sentenced to death by the Fuehrer for high treason, and nowadays every one who has or ever had anything to do with the Hapsburgs is considered 'persona non grata' and given no more sympathy than a leper. Everything will depend on whether or not the captain will order the 'confidential' quizzing. If so, you might as well prepare yourself for some very bad hours. But if you don't

admit any crime, you'll probably be freed in a few days, though possibly, they wont' quiz you at all and you'll just be sent to a concentration camp."

Two young women were ushered in by Gestapo men. They were the typical blue-eyed, blonde Viennese maedchen, and now they had an alarmed and scared look about them. Yet once in a while they tried to appear gay and chummy. They were both waitresses and their "crime" consisted of having entertained two Jewish fellows in their apartment. Of course, they could not understand that anything was wrong in this and, as customary among people of their social standing they tried to settle the matter with the inferior officers, the Gestapo guards in this case. Weepingly, then laughingly, they avowed that they had no idea their guests were Jews. One of the guards growled:

"Sure, just go 'head and pretend the innocent virgins. You've got plenty of 'know' to distinguish the Jew from the gentile. There's only one thing that can help you, 'come clean' and tell us where we can get hold of those two race-debasing Jews."

"It was the first time we ever saw them," averred the girls.

"So much the worse for you," grumbled back the guard. "We've had lots of experience in cases like this and we've found, most of the time, that the Jews bought

the girls' silence with money."

The fruitless argument continued between the girls and the guards, while my attention was drawn to a new "guest" who approached from the right and sat next to me. A Nazi detective brought in a well-dressed, average-sized, bespectacled young man. Their conversation disclosed that he used to be a medical student. He was charged with having loitered and having been nabbed for the second time in the Prater, Vienna's favorite park. Jews had been forbidden to appear in better streets or parks and they were likewise banished from the Prater.

As the Gestapo guard talked he gave the impression of being somewhat more human than the average of his class. "You must be crazy," he told his charge patronizingly, "why in the world did you insist on going to the Prater, when you knew this was punishable? Look at me—I haven't been to the Prater for five months. But you, you just couldn't live without it! Now you'll have a chance to walk in the concentration camp at Linz, Gratz or Dachau for six months—unless—unless you'll get hold of five or ten thousand marks for the National Socialist fund."

The conversation ended, as far as I was concerned. A man appeared in a door and called my name. The critical moment had come. I stepped across the threshold of Captain von Schwartzberg's room.

CHAPTER 7

EXPULSION

I knew that the age of miracles had passed and I did not hope that God would tame the fierce Nazi heart as He once tamed the lion's, to save His favorite prophet, Daniel. Still, I felt no more fear or apprehension, when I entered the captain's office. The Lord's Grace fortified my soul and I decided to be brave. I would never allow the Nazis to gloat at the sight of a high Priest trembling before them.

The captain had been scanning the pages of my passport. He began to size me up with evident interest. Or, possibly, he was merely comparing the likeness of my passport picture with the original.

"Please sit down," he said with perfect official politeness. When I had complied he spoke again: "I regret that I have to trouble your Eminence. Unfortunately, official duties know no exception. We are here to clarify, strengthen or disprove all suspicion that arises. Ours is a young state and a relentless world propaganda has been set in motion against us. The exponents of such propaganda are very often intelligent, well-meaning, but much too gullible. And so it is not entirely impossible that your Eminence, too—"

The captain suddenly halted and gazed at me quizzically.

"I have nothing to do with politics and I have never committed anything against the German Reich," was

my direct, concise reply.

With a sharp, penetrating look, the captain said cooly, "It may be so, and it may not. We have no proof either for your statement or against it. On the other hand, we may presume almost with certainty that your Eminence eventually wishes to commit certain subversive activities against the order of our state."

I was astounded. "I'm not a legal expert," I countered, "but still I hardly think that any one can be held to answer even for acts, which he might perhaps want to commit in the distant future."

"Well, if you're not a jurist," remarked the captain nonchalantly, "What you just said sounded rather juridical—but not quite enough so to be accepted. In the first place you seem to have forgotten that every state —like America, for example, and Germany too, has the right to qualify alien visitors as 'desirables' or 'undesirables,' and to expel them from the country if their presence seems to be against the best interests of the state.

"And frankly I can't see why your Eminence should be classified 'desirable,' when you were concealing newspaper articles in your suitcases, which grossly slander our nation and contain scurrilous vituperations against the head of our Reich, the Fuehrer of all loyal Germans."

"I can assure you, captain," I replied, "that I had no idea about the contents of those papers. Most likely I put them into my luggage, because I didn't have a chance to read them and intended to do so later."

"Perhaps what you are saying is the truth word for word. At any rate, it sounds as though it might be true," declared the captain. Then quickly he added: "But again it must be realized that these issues seem to contain especially opprobrious articles against the Fuehrer and the Reich, as if these articles would have been the reason which caused you to save the papers from the usual daily disposal. And since your Eminence brought these issues into Germany, we can be safe in our assumption that they were to be the basis of subsequent secret propaganda leaflets."

I was confused, but quickly collected my wits and said: "I really don't know, Captain, how I might prove my innocence against suppositions and assumptions. I can cite only negative facts—I never bother with politics, and my calling is the treatment of spiritual ills. If the Gestapo knows everything—and it is generally asserted so—you should be aware of this, too."

"It is true that we have no political record against you—" and there was a trace of disappointment in the captain's voice. "But that is not an infallible proof of innocence. According to our experience everybody was

a beginner once. As a matter of fact, just because of their inexperience these novices were the ones, who undertook the most foolhardy enterprises."

The captain stopped for a moment and I used the interval to ask my next question: "Please forgive me, Captain, if I will again sound juridical. What is the specific charge against me?"

"The specific charge is suspicion of political crime. This is quite a legal specification, and empowers us to proceed in any manner we see fair in the interest of our investigation."

"What can I do then to dispel your suspicion?"

"In the first place, please answer a few questions. Why did you come to Austria? Have you any relatives, friends, or acquaintances here? Have you already contacted anyone, or do you intend to do so?"

Inwardly I was amazed at the captain's clever manner of examination and his precise expressions. I had the feeling that anyone who had something to hide would be lost in his presence. But I felt that I could answer his questions just as precisely.

"During the time of communism in Hungary I lived in Vienna as a refugee. I had many friends and acquaintances here, but I have no idea whatever of their present whereabouts. So far as I know I have no relatives in Vienna. Excepting some passengers with whom

I traveled, the Mother Superior and a few nuns in the convent where I am staying, I haven't talked to anyone."

The captain interrupted me: "Had you met the Mother Superior before?"

"No, I met her for the first time, on my arrival."

"Then why did you go to this particular convent? Why didn't you go to a hotel?"

"A hight priest I met as a passenger on the train recommended this convent as a quiet, peaceful, place befitting a clergyman."

"Your Eminence hasn't answered the question yet why you came to Austria."

"I'll be glad to answer this, too. My patriarch instructed me that in my capacity as the highest Hungarian ecclesiastical head of all Catholic Orthodox Hungarians of the world, I should visit several countries in Europe. My task is to report on the spiritual condition of the Orthodox Catholics living here and, whenever I deem it necessary, to intervene with the authorities in their interest, on behalf of the patriarch. This is the purpose of my visit." I felt that I had to make this explanation, in order to avoid a concentration camp.

The captain stood up.

"I'll end today's hearing and will report to the higher authorities. In case of necessity, we will again sum-

mon your Eminence for further examination. Meanwhile, we will return your passport."

He gave me back my passport, lightly nodded and raised his hand—almost unconsciously, it seemed to me.

"Heil Hitler!"

"I'm sorry, Captain, but I am an American citizen."

The captain smiled: "The omission of the salutation, your Eminence, bespoke eloquently that you are inimical to our Fuehrer. In Germany, by the way, German laws are compulsory for Americans, too."

I halted in the doorway for a moment: "Perhaps you are right, Captain," and slightly raising my arm I continued, "Heil Hitler!"

"That's much better," was the captain's brief acknowledgment.

I thought to myself that there would be no sense in dime-novel heroism. When one is with wolves, the smartest thing is to howl along with them. Christ, Himself, has said: "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are of God."

CHAPTER 8

VIENNA

On leaving the building my first thought was gratitude, that God had again delivered His unworthy Daniel from the den of lions! My heart was greatly relieved and unburdened when I set out to look around a while in this famous capital.

In 1919, during a period of Communism in Hungary, I lived at the Hotel New York, in the second district of Vienna, a district which at that time teemed with Jews. Most of them were well-to-do, educated businessmen, Hungarian emigre's who hated Bolshevists because the latter threatened the fruit of their life's struggles. I became acquainted with a number of them and some became my close friends. In their opinion, Communism was nothing but a product of Jewish and Gentile leaders, who hated honest work, and, therefore, had nothing except loud mouths and wanted to divide among themselves the honest possessions of others. Some of the Jewish emigres suggested that these communists be interned without "due process of law", to specially created working camps where they would learn to do honest labor. Others stressed the view that the various Jewish synods should ceremoniously excommunicate all Jewish communists, to give eloquent evidence to the world that nine-tenths of Jewry had

nothing to do with communists.

If this idea had materialized it might have done good, for the masses have always been prone to generalize about the Jews. On the one hand, they are the capitalists, monopolists, magnates, all rich. At the same time, they are the leaders of the elements that seek to divide the wealth of the rich and to distribute it among the idlers and lower classes. Of course, the inconsistency of these ideas doesn't occur to the anti-Semites.

As a Greek-Catholic high priest, I often had the chance to look into the soul of my people and I noticed with sorrow that the embers of anti-Semitism smouldered in the hearts of most. And the worst of it was, that the embers could easily be ignited if favorable winds blew.

During my early priesthood, I saw several murders in our village. I bitterly remarked to some of my people that the Jews, whom they secretly hated never commit murder.

"The Jew," some said contemptuously, "is a coward. That's why he doesn't murder.'

"But what would you say," I asked with no wish for an answer, "if suddenly a couple of Jews, too, would become 'plucky' like you and begin to murder? Then in your eyes I suppose all Jews would become murderers, wouldn't they?"

Some Viennese Jewish merchants complained that the city was full of Hungarian communist refugees and half of these "guests" were Jews. "We notice," they said, "That because of their prevalence even the Viennese begin to show traces of anti-Semitism. The right of asylum is fine and noble, but this rabble swarms like an ant-hill and even now they are already louder than the old Viennese natives themselves. If the authorities remain lax these rats will undermine our own government."

Such was the tone of conversation of the respectable Jewish businessmen concerning communistic Jews. Chiefly for this the much-heralded general rumor of the "Jews' international plot" sounded to me like so much nonsense. But certain specious slogans such as "the Jews want world domination," and "the wise men of Zion and the Jewish bancocrats assisted by the free masonry lodges have already worked out the details of such a plot" found general credence among the most varied strata of citizens.

This did not surprise me. It has been like this always. Stupidity has always found more believers and followers than wisdom, just as weeds grow more readily and abundantly than useful vegetation.

Nothing can be more repulsive, and contemptible to a man of feeling than the sight of small, malicious and

dark humans being allowed to run their free course. No matter in what direction I walked in Vienna, the once cultured, peaceful and humane Vienna, I was constantly reminded of this type. It was exasperating to see on the windows of all Jewish stores the word "JUDE", daubed with large, coarse letters. Such markings had on me the same effect as the red posters on the doorways of buildings reading "infectious disease—stay out!"

Next to these "stigmas", large vari-colored Jewish stars, the so-called "Mogen Dovids" were painted by the Nazis. This mark was not obligatory, but the "JUDE" sign was. Still no Jew would dare to wash off these stars, lest his windows be smashed and the contents pillaged.

Impelled by a sudden idea, I decided to visit the second district. It was a dismal, depressing sight. When I last saw this district, passers-by used to gather in front of the bright and elaborate show windows to marvel at their contents.

The food shops, so-called "delicatessen stores" had been especially attractive, their windows filled with the most tempting, and delicious foodstuffs. Specialties of a dozen countries to satisfy the desire of the most fastidious epicurean, used to be displayed in artistic arrangement. Now, how different—the windows and

doors were broken, the furnishings smashed and soiled lay inside these stores as repulsive but eloquent mementoes of the advent of a "New Order".

The pre-historic instinct to rob and ruin was here revived by the Nazi riff-raff and hooligans. They had given free vent to it in this district. The mob had become inebriated with Nazi ideas and had done a heinous job. What had been created by the industry of a lifetime, with sweat and care, and fore-thought had been laid waste virtually overnight by the vandal and savage Nazi horde.

And this was only the external picture. What must have been the lot of those who once owned these despoiled stores; what the fate of those stripped and despoiled Jewish shop-keepers and their bereft families? How many of them were killed? How many sent to internment camps? How many Jewish women and girls had fallen prey to the wanton lust of their heartless captors?

Tired and saddened, I returned to the convent late that evening. The sisters had been waiting for me with two items of "great news." The first was that in my absence—during the very hours I was in the Gestapo headquarters, Gestapo men went back to the convent, reopened all my suitcases and ransacked everything anew.

"The reason for this is," explained the Mother Superior, "that they supposed you may have hidden some incriminating object or manuscript out of your luggage, during the first search. But since nothing had been found, they took it for granted that your Eminence would suppose you could afterwards safely put the "corpus delicti" back into your luggage. The Gestapo has been successful many times with this method. It can't be denied that they use uncanny methods to make their searches effective and fruitful."

The other item was that late in the afternoon, after their visit of that day, a telephone call came from the Gestapo to the Mother Superior, inquiring if I was still staying at the convent. Of course, she had told them that I was. That the Gestapo had some designs in regard to me was evident.

Again I offered to the Mother Superior to move, but she would not hear of it. I decided to remain in the city until I had investigated the conditions under the new regime, particularly of the Jews. All the same, I would visit the American consulate and request them to keep an eye on me "just in case". But I would walk abroad in Vienna and keep my eyes and ears open. I had the strange feeling that the mysteries, secrets and horrors which were around me attracted, rather than frightened me. It was as though not only the hunter,

but the hunted game, also, was interested in the chase.

That evening in conversation with the Mother Superior, she related to me an even more astounding event, than she had told me before. A young nun arrived one day from the convent of Gratz, she told me, bringing letters of recommendation from the Mother Superior and a canon of that city. In the letters the Mother Superior of this convent was asked to accept Sister Clarissa into the convent, because the young sister wanted to obtain her teacher's degree in the Vienna University.

"I naturally took her in," continued the Mother Superior, "and soon I was glad I did so, because she was very intelligent, cultured, and possessed a deeply religious soul.

"One day I had an unexpected surprise for her. I told her that her former Mother Superior would arrive in Vienna to take care of some official matters. I asked Sister Clarissa and another sister to accompany the visitor in the city and to guide her to our convent.

"Sister Clarissa and another sister, both carrying a bouquet of flowers, went out next day to the station to welcome the guest. At the station and under quite inexplicable circumstances Sister Clarissa vanished without a trace. The other sister, with tears in her eyes, excitedly reported the happening to me. But the

real surprise was yet to come. The Mother Superior of the Gratz convent most positively declared that she had never sent any Sister Clarissa here. When I showed her the 'original' letter with her 'own' signature she branded it a forgery."

"So it came to light," concluded the story of the Mother Superior, "that we had been duped and 'Sister Clarissa' was merely the fictitious name of a Nazi spy who was smuggled into the convent by the Gestapo, so that she might freely pry for any possible secrets."

"It seems to me," I said to the Mother Superior, that all I ever heard about the incredible organization, shrewdness and ingenuity of the Gestapo, is lagging far behind the real and full truth!"

When I got back to my room, I started re-packing my suitcases. I asked myself why it was, that the Reich used all the energy of the state's mechanism for the creation of such a reign of terror—thousands of men and perhaps hundreds of thousands having nothing else to do, but spy and sniff after other hundreds of thousands. How many millions of the nation's wealth was being used for this insane pursuit, for the control of every person, and the "safeguarding of the New Order"?

The answer was not hard to find. Every tyrannical rule, which must exist in constant fear of the revenge

of the subjugated, enthralled and terrorized people, had always had to do exactly the same thing. It was so under the tyrants of the past, continued under the czars of the later ages, culminates today with the Nazis and other dictators, and will be so in the future, too. For normal political and social life can be assured only through justice, liberty and a reverence for the teaching of the Father of us all. Pondering on these things, I fell asleep.

Early next morning, after breakfast, I was again walking the streets of Vienna. I decided to explore the city outside of the district which I had observed the day before. Vienna and her two million inhabitants must still have different and more flowery oases. It could not be possible, I thought, that this once great metropolis of music, gayety, love, science and philosophy, could have been so completely drenched with Nazi pollution, as the section in which I had been. I left the second district. I went past the bright cafes, restaurants and eating places, past the movie houses, theatres and the opera house, the night clubs and the once populated cabarets. I even passed through some of them on my investigation. At every place I went, conspicuous signs were displayed on which were painted in big black, red or green letters:

"Jews and dogs not admitted!"

On street corners, official Nazi decrees greeted the passerby. I read the various ukazes:

"Jews must not leave their homes after nine P. M."

"Jews must not appear in the National Theatre and in the Opera house."

"They must not go on certain streets and public walks, nor to certain restaurants, coffeehouses or night clubs."

"Jews must not buy their milk before nine A. M., and only after Gentiles had received their needed supply."

Yes, this was Vienna. I recognized the familiar buildings, the promenades, the famous places of entertainment. No denying, I was walking in Vienna marred, scarred, and disfigured in places, it was still the face of Old Vienna. But only the face was the same. Vienna had lost her soul, her care-free charm, her attractiveness. She was injected with the poison of Nazism, anti-humanism. Vienna was not the same Vienna any more.

I returned to the convent for lunch, at the request of the Mother Superior, made when I left that morning. While I was eating, I was surprised to receive word that I was wanted on the telephone:

"Hello," I said, "who is this?"

"This is the headquarters of the Gestapo. It is our

decision and our order that you should leave Austria immediately!"

"What—what, do you mean?" I stammered. "Captain von Schwartzburg told me only yesterday that if you found anything wrong you would call me in again for further explanation—I'm sure I can satisfy you. He returned my passport."

"Use your passport to go over the border immediately! Get out by tonight, or it'll be the worse for you!"

I started to speak, but the telephone was disconnected.

I considered whether to visit the American Consul. But that evening I was at the station, and the following morning, I was in Budapest.

CHAPTER 9

BUDAPEST

I went to the home of an old friend, Baron F — — h, where I was welcomed. Budapest was the same sparkling city that I had last seen four years before. It presented no outward evidence of Nazi influence. All the shops and places of gathering or amusement—Jewish or Gentile—were open. There were no "JUDE" signs upon the Jewish shops, no posters anywhere, pertaining to Jews. During the four days I was in the city I saw no places that had been broken into or wrecked, as in Vienna. The Jewish professionals and tradesmen appeared to be engaged in professions and vocations as before. The only law in Hungary pertaining to the Jews at this time, was the so-called "numerous clauses" law of 1922. Under this law, Jews could be admitted in every department of the Universities only up to the proportion of the Jewish population to that of the whole country. As the proportion of Jews to the whole population was 5%, that was the proportion allowed for students in such schools. However, this law did not apply to those already attending universities, and in the practice of their professions, so that in the intervening period there were many more Jewish students and professional practitioners than the percentage provided by the law, without interference

from the authorities. Furthermore, the law "was honored more in the breach than in the observance."

On the other hand, the Hungarian Parliament had enacted the so-called "Law of the House of Lords," providing that in the House of Lords, the Jewish faith should be represented by one Orthodox and one Reform Rabbi, which number exceeded the proportion of that faith. So that in the Hungarian House of Lords, besides the Roman Catholic Prelates, and the Protestant Bishops, two Jewish Rabbis are Ex-officio Legislators. In the entire world, so far as I know there is not a country, except Hungary, where a Jewish Rabbi, as the Representative of his faith, sits ex-officio in the Senate of that country. In the Hungarian House of Representatives, Jews sit as elected Representatives and Legislators in numbers exceeding by three times their proportion.

I knew a number of Jews, both in the professions, and in business, and talked with some of them. They were non-committal, as though not knowing what to expect, but they expressed no dissatisfaction with the conditions at the time.

My principal errand in Budapest was to see some one in authority in the government, regarding what the government intended to do about the recovery of that part of Slovakia, in which Hungarians had al-

ways been and were in the majority, and which had been taken from Hungary and placed within the borders of Czechoslovakia, under the Treaty of Trianon, of 1919. I have indicated in the beginning of this story that this was my intention.

Bela Imredy was now Prime Minister of Hungary. I had known him well a number of years before, and went to see him. I had no trouble in obtaining a lengthy interview on August 22, 1938. When I told him my belief, that in view of the taking by Germany of the Sudeten from Czechoslovakia, the breaking away of Slovakia from the rest of that country was imminent and that Hungary could soon retake that part of Slovakia in which the Hungarians were in the majority, even stating to him that this would occur not later than the middle of March, 1939, Imredy looked at me in astonishment and laughed.

"Don't tell this to anyone or spread such a statement, Bishop, because it is nonsense," he said to me. "This might happen in the turn that events have now taken in Europe, within the next four or five years, but certainly not before, if then. It is not to be supposed that England and France will stand idly by and allow Czechoslovakia, the existence of which they have guaranteed, to fall apart. Certainly, it would be foolhardy for Hungary to take such steps to reclaim from

Czechoslovakia the territory to which you refer, and which, of course, was unjustly taken from it in 1919. We might provoke a war against us by England and France. A general European conflagration might result from it."

I had long thought before I set out upon my journey from the United States, that neither England or France would stand up to Hitler, in regard to Czechoslovakia. The words of the Archbishop on the train to Vienna only confirmed me in this belief. I expressed this view to Imredy, but did not change his opinion. He appeared not to take my views seriously.

Therefore, I traveled to Hust, capital of the Ukrainian-Ruthenian district of Czechoslovakia which had been taken from Hungary, and which was still part of Czechoslovakia. Hust was a city of twenty-five thousand, of which at least seventy percent were Jews. This was the first of several visits I made into this district. During my first short stay, I saw no evidence of Nazi activity against the Jewish population. But there was plenty soon to come, when Slovakia broke away from Czechoslovakia, and fell completely within the orbit of the Nazis.

I was walking along the street and saw a small boy of three and bright little girl of four about to enter a

candy store. I heard the little girl say to the boy in Hungarian:

"What kind of candy shall I buy for you?"

"Such a long one," said the boy, illustrating with his hands.

I asked the little girl: "Are you Ukranian or Ruthenian?"

"I'm neither," answered the little girl.

"Then what are you?"

"I'm a Hungarian Jewish girl."

"And where did you learn Hungarian so well?"

"At home my father and mother speak only Hungarian."

The Jews and even the poor Ruthenians continued to be Hungarians in thought and language, almost twenty years after they had been separated from their mother country, and had been a part of Czechoslovakia.

My mission was to see *Gustav Volosin,* the *Prime Minister* of the Ukranian part of Slovakia (also known as Pod-Karpatska-Rus, or "lower Carpathia," a section formerly a part of Hungary) who was holding office under the Benes government and was also a Canon of the Greek Catholic diocese of Ungvar.

"Your Excellency," I asked in a friendly manner, "What would you do, how would you conduct yourself, in the event that Hungary retakes this country?"

He seemed surprised, looked at me a few moment and laughed aloud. Then he said to me bluntly, "Carpatho-Ukraine is and will be separate from Czechoslovakia—and from Hungary as well."

"What do you mean?" I cried. "It is part of Czechoslovakia by the terms of the Treaty of Versailles, isn't it? How can you separate yourself from it, against the will of the Government in Prague? Are you not afraid of getting yourself into trouble with the Czechoslovakian authorities?"

"I'm not afraid of them," he replied. "I have assurance that neither inside nor outside enemies can do me any harm—from Hitler!"

I stared at him. "From Hitler?" I asked. "What do you mean?"

Going to his desk he took out a paper. "I have known you for a long time," he said to me, "So I will let you read this, upon the distinct understanding that you will keep it confidential."

I read it in amazement. It was no less than an agreement between Adolph Hitler and Volosin, that the latter was to be President not only of this territory of Carpatho-Russ, but in addition, of a greater Ukraine, of which the Carpatha-Russ was only a kernel, and which was to include the present Russian Ukraine (that's all), with a total population of forty-four to

forty-five million inhabitants. This interview was late in December, 1938, about three months before Hitler seized all of Czechoslovakia!

On reading this, the tables were reversed, so far as laughter was concerned and it was now my turn to laugh out loud. I knew Volosin well, and could do this in his presence.

"Have you the idea that Hitler can parcel out territory of the Soviet Union, without their consent? And do you believe that even if Hitler had the power to do this, his word or his signature is worth anything?"

We argued about the "promise" of Hitler to him, I maintaining that it was senseless and foolish and that any action by him on the faith of it was dangerous. While we were thus engaged, an elegant German made car stopped in front of his house and two officers of high rank stepped from it. Seeing them through his window, Volosin said pompously, "I have some urgent business with these officers, who are coming in. Will you see me some other time and we will talk about these matters further?"

"Certainly," I replied. "Remember," I added as I was leaving, "massacres and disorders never paved the way to peace."

I went on to Nagy Szollos, a nearby city of twenty

thousand inhabitants, to visit a friend of mine, who was a prominent photographer located there.

"Father Volosin's behavior is very strange," he said to me. "I think there must be 'something up.' Volosin's men are making daily roundups, arresting some prominent citizens, doctors, Senators, lawyers, professors and teachers and Greek Catholic and Greek Orthodox priests and other intellectuals. They are being sent into a nearby concentration camp. I was wondering whether he was not afraid of getting into trouble with the Czechoslovakian authorities, but he tells people that he is not afraid of them and that no inside or outside enemies can do him any harm, because he has Hitler's support."

As I was listening with astonishment to his statements, which proved that Volosin had been saying to others what he said to me in supposed confidence, there was a knock on the door. When it was opened a gendarme stood there and addressed me: "Please come with me to the office of the District Attorney, who has an important message for you." I had apparently been followed after my interview with Volosin, as otherwise, Volosin could not have known where I was.

"I refuse to do this," I told him. "Have you any warrant or other legal paper compelling me to go with you?"

The officer seemed surprised and only repeated his request. After some thought I said to him, "You go to your chief alone, and tell him I will be there inside of ten or fifteen minutes. You can trust me to keep my word." Apparently he did, because he departed, and within the time agreed, I presented myself to his chief.

After I had identified myself, the man behind the desk in his office said to me bluntly: "On the order of the Prime Minister, Father Volosin, you are hereby requested to leave the country immediately."

"I am sorry, I cannot and will not comply with this request, before I am given a chance to talk personally with Volosin," was my reply.

The official immediately called a number on the telephone, and talked to Volosin. The latter evidently refused to see me, but gave other instructions, which the officer took down. After he hung up, he turned to me and read the following order: "The President of Carpatho-Ukraine has ordered me to place you under arrest for an indefinite time because you, although an American Bishop, are improperly interfering with the affairs of this State."

Before I could do anything, I was put into an automobile and taken to Hust, the capital of Carpatho-Ukraine, and from there I was driven about thirty miles further to a concentration camp located under the Car-

pathian mountains, deep in the forest near the Roumanian border. On my arrival there I asked permission to send a telegram to the American Ambassador in Prague. They permitted me to do this. In my telegram I stated briefly the circumstances of my arrest, which occurred January 12, 1939, and my whereabouts.

There were about three hundred and ninety men interned in this camp, most of them intellectual individuals, including a Slovakian senator, and an old Greek Catholic Deacon, who was once a school mate of Volosin. They were all required to arise at seven o'clock in the morning, and after a very spare breakfast, each was given a pick and shovel, with which they were forced to break rocks and to build a road. The food was miserable and the sleeping quarters in the barracks were as bad. There was no heating facility except an old, tin stove, and the camp being just under the Carpathian mountains, it was bitterly cold. Every morning that I was there the wash basin as well as the drinking wells were frozen. The blankets for the occupants were made of thin woolen material. The premises were strictly guarded.

On the fourth day of my imprisonment, the captain of the guards handed me a telegram from the American Ambassador at Prague, which read: "I have demanded your immediate release, from Father Volosin." Shortly

thereafter, an automobile arrived for me, in which I was brought back to Hust, and lodged for the night in the Hotel National, in that city, under guard; and on the next morning I was taken in the same automobile to the town of Ungvar, where I was released.

This was my experience with the "President" of Carpatho-Ukraine. Incidentally, his "agreement" with Hitler apparently did not mean anything, because on the 15th of March, 1939, Hitler took over all of Czechoslovakia, and the Hungarian army marchd into his country, and Volosin had to flee to Roumania. Thus ended Father Volosin's "Presidency." Incidentally, also, while he had his brief authority, his treasury was empty, but he had a way of replenishing it. He summoned the rich Jews of the country and told them that the treasury needed so many million Czech crowns—which, of course, they would bring to him, or else—.

On September 28, 1938, came the bombshell of the Munich Conference; and on October 9, 1938, Hitler marched into the Sudeten. Tiso thereafter conducted for a while an independent government in Slovakia, with the benevolent acquiescence of Hitler (all for the latter's own purposes, of course). The Conference of Vienna, in which Germany, Italy, Slovakia and Hungary participated was held and it was there decided that

the territory from Pressburg (Poszony) to Kassa should be returned to Hungary.

This conference was to be followed by the Conference of Komarom between Italy, Germany, Hungary and Slovakia, about the restoration of further territory to Hungary. I hoped to attend this conference as an observer. Slovakia was then, of course, a part of Czechoslovakia, according to the Trianon Treaty, but the Slovakian politicians were already talking with Italy, Germany and Hungary, as though this was no longer the legal fact.

On November 5, 1938, this Conference met in Komarom and I went there in the company of some Hungarian journalists. The meetings between the representative of Italy, Count Ciano, Ribbentrop of Germany, Tiso of Slovakia, and Kanja representing Hungary, were, of course, private, and the general result was as I had prophesied to Prime Minister Imredy more than two months previously.

Imredy no longer looked on me as the wild-eyed prophet, which he regarded me in our interview on August 22, 1938, but was extremely cordial, and introduced me among the Slovakian and Hungarian delegates, some of whom I knew from previous years.

But hardly had the ink dried on the Peace Treaty of Komarom, than President Tiso of this little "musical

comedy state" of Slovakia, though he had taken with him to the conference at Komarom the expressed wish of his people and their leaders that "not only the parts inhabitated by Hungarians, but the whole of Slovakia should be again joined to Hungary," forestalled its return to Hungary and passed over his country into the hands of Hitler. He sold it to the Germans for a "comic operetta Presidency, Premiership, and Independence." Nominally, it was independent, but as soon as he signed the treaty with Germany, which placed Slovakia under a German protectorate, German soldiers overran all Slovakia and requisitioned all the inhabitants' beef, swine, and sheep, even the cows, with the result that they were unable to replace their formerly abundant stocks and the greatest lack of milk and meats ensued; so much so, that even in *Pozsony,* the Capitol of the little State, there was not enough milk to cover the needs of small children. Whereupon Canon Kovacs, Mayor and Government-Commissar went to Budapest and begged the Hungarian Government for help. And the disowned old fatherland took pity on the "prodigal son," Slovakia, and immediately sufficient milk was shipped in from Hungary.

Thus was the hope of Hungary frustrated—and my own hope and prophecy disappointed. Slovakia felt the weight of a protectorate, and Hungary also fell into the

power of Hitler, with the coming on of the European war. The borders of either country are now of no political inportance. Both are in reality parts of Germany.

The Hungarian people were always attached—and the village people still are—to their Jewish brethren, and even honored them. The people of the villages have always liked and still like their Jewish storekeepers and tavern-keeper, and respect their families. Anti-semitism has no special roots in Hungary even today, when the anti-semetic wave is sweeping over all Europe, England excepted. After the last World War, and the fall of the Commune in Hungary, there were incitements and some assaults against the Jews, but this was the work of only a few agitators. The independent Hungarian courts arrested and severely punished them according to the law. All of them received penitentiary terms of one to five years. At some public processions, the army bands played well-known anti-semitic songs, and the Army High Command allowed it for several months. Finally the Royal Hungarian Army Ministry strictly forbade this. The Supreme Court of Hungary even handed down a decision against anti-semetic conduct in a certain important case.

But when the pressure of Hitlerism began to be felt in Hungary, anti-semitism began to appear. A captain

of the Reserve named Szallasi became the chief of the movement. He was involved in a plan for the overthrow of the National Hungarian Government and a change in the form of Government. The courts cracked down on him and his associates, condemning them to the penitentiary and Szallasi was sentenced to five years. Later, when the movement began for the return of the lost territories of Slovakia and Pod-Karpatska-Rus, so-called "free-troops" were formed in Hungary, and many members of the Hungarian Nazi Party joined them. These troops were called "The Ragged Guard." The first chief of this guard was Ivan Hejjas, former lieutenant, who in 1937 was a Counsellor in the Royal Hungarian Government. Wherever this "Ragged Guard" appeared and set up their quarters around the borders of Pod-Karpatska-Rus and Slovakia, they did patriotic work from a Hungarian national point of view. But in secret they also exercised terror against the Jews. For example, one of the "Ragged Guard" pitched camp around Tiszabecs. A rich Jewish lumber dealer named H — — n had a lumber yard at Tiszaujlak, and another at Tiszabecs. It was claimed that a gypsy carried some messages from him to the Slovak authorities, across the River Tisza. They seized the gypsy, and he "confessed" that H — — n was working against Hungary. H — — n was arrested by them with-

out the knowledge of the regular Hungarian authorities, and they "half hanged" him up and blackmailed a million Czech crowns from him, assuring him nothing more would happen to him, if he should pay this sum. He obtained this sum, but was not released; instead, they hanged him completely this time and threw his body in the River Tisza.

Then there was Dr. B——r, a physician of high standing in the district of Tiszaujlak. The "Ragged Guard" claimed they found out that before the Hungarian army marched into Tiszaujlak, under the Treaty of Komarom, he had given two million crowns to the Czechs to resist the Hungarians. Whether that was true or not, Lieutenant Kovacs of the "Ragged Guard," who was himself an undoubted fascist, arrested this physician secretly and this group, again without the knowledge of the Hungarian Civil and Criminal authorities, according to the statement of the Lieutenant himself, and after inflicting all manner of torture upon the physician, killed him and threw the body into the River Tisza. The bodies of many murdered Jews have been found in this neighborhood. The Hungarian Government dissolved the "Ragged Guard" and a number of the members were under arrest as late as 1939. Thereafter, after the seizure of Czechoslovakia by Hitler, the Hungarian government freed the notorious Captain Szallasi from pris-

on. Admiral Horthy, now the Regent, was compelled by Nazi pressure to pardon him and he was thereafter, and may be even today, a member of the Hungarian Parliament and chief of the Nazi Party.

Despite all that has been stated above, it is the definite opinion of the writer that anti-Semitism never had roots in Hungary and does not have even today among the great majority of the people, and that the Hitler power over that section of Europe is responsible for the anti-Semitic manifestations in Hungary.

CHAPTER 10

HITLERISM IN SLOVAKIA

It was now after the Pact of Munich, by the terms of which the Sudeten section of Czechoslovakia was taken by Germany. "Now we will have World Peace. Has not Hitler publicly announced that he had no further demands in Europe?"

As has been stated, Tiso, the Prime Minister of Slovakia, took advantage of the situation of Czechoslovakia and surrendered his country in fact, if not formally, to the Nazis. Immediately, anti-Jewish laws, containing almost the same language as the Nuremberg decrees of Germany were proclaimed in Slovakia and in addition to these specific laws, there followed a number of ministerial orders, which limited from one day to the other the few rights of Jews still remaining. As a result, the possibility of Jews to make a living was as completely destroyed as in Germany. Pogroms against them in Nazi style, broke out throughout the country. Many Jews fled to Prague. A committee for Jewish refugees was organized through the efforts of one Joseph K - - n, an Orthodox Jewish Rabbi, who had a congregation in Pozsony, (Bratislava). I was asked by him to serve upon this committee, which I agreed to do. I went with him to Pozsony, and took a room in the old and well-known Hotel Palugyai.

On May 5, 1939, at seven p.m., members of the Hlinka guard (followers of the former national head of Slo-

vakia, then deceased, who were nationalistic extremists) led by two officers, assembled in Mihalykapu Street, in that city. There were twenty-nine of them. A large crowd of riff-raff gathered around them. They started shouting in unison: "We'll wipe out every Jew! Out with the Jews from Slovakia! We'll not let ourselves be exploited by the stinking Jews any longer! Long live Hitler! Long live Tiso!"

They began a march, carrying the Slovákian flag and the Hitler swastika. As they encountered a store owned by Jews, the usual work began. They took a big brush out of a barrel on a hand cart, which contained human faces and painted Jewish stores and houses with this stinking stuff. Others wrote on the windows and doors of houses with tar: "This is a stinking Jew's store!" "Death to everybody who buys here!" and they painted the Jewish star before and after the sign. Where the stores were not barred and shuttered, they broke the windows and stole everything they could. Not a policeman interfered with this pilfering. On most houses they painted the inscription: "Hit the Jews!" Jews who happened to be walking on the streets tried to run from this procession, but I myself, saw that some of those who could not find shelter, received a bloody beating.

I hurried to a telephone and called the residence of

Premier Tiso.

"What do you want?" I was asked.

I gave my name, and said that I wished to speak to the Premier.

"What do you want of him?"

"Protection against the horrors that are going on upon the streets."

"The Premier is not here, but in any case, thats' none of your business." And the telephone was hung up.

The procession which was steadily increasing, arrived in front of the National Theater. Jews were walking on the Mall, seeing what was happening, ran into restaurants and sat down there. I too went into the restaurant of the Palugyai. Here a respectable public was seated—professional men and merchants, most of them Jews. As the crowd arrived in front of the hotel, the Jews in the restaurant were in a panic, and several of them, seeing me in clerical robes, came to me and pleaded:

"Reverend Father, do something for our protection!"

The Hlinka guard rushed into the place with whips and sticks. They threw themselves at the customers. They seemed to know everybody, as they picked only the Jewish guests, without sparing the women.

"Out with the stinking Jews!" they shouted. They chased the Jews out of the cafe, beating them with the

horse whips.

I again called up Prime Minister Tiso. I insisted on talking to him personally. This time he answered my call.

"What can I do for you?"

I told him quickly what had happened on the streets, and what was going on in the restaurant, requesting immediate measures of protection against the beating of Jews and the destruction of property.

"I'm sorry, but I can't do anything. The Hlinka guard is under a separate command."

"But sir, you're a Priest yourself! How can you stand for this Godlessness?"

"Please, we're undergoing a revolution, and the ways of a revolution are not pleasant. When regular peace times return, and Slovakia is without Jews, such things will no longer happen!" And he hung up the telephone.

On May 11, 1939, two young Jewish girls, Malvina G - - - sixteen years old, and Livia L - - -, of about the same age, who were living at G - - - Ulica No. 3, were going home at about half past seven, on Stephania Street, in Bratislava. They were running, as it was starting to get dark. They were but a block from their home, when two Hlinka guards seized them, kidnapped them, and raped them, after which they dragged them back to the street from which they kidnapped them, and

left them there. The children were lying there when Mrs. Abraham S - - z heard their cries, and looking out of her window saw them. She went with her husband to where they were, recognized them, obtained an ambulance and had the two helpless girls taken to a Jewish hospital, and then notified their parents.

I myself interviewed these two girls, and obtained their statements, when visiting this hospital.

I also talked to Helen K - - -, seventeen year old Jewish girl—beautiful and well-developed, the sole daughter of the merchant Lazar K - - s. She was crossing a bridge in the city in broad daylight, when she was seized from behind by a Hlinka guard named Jan K - - k, a married man with a family. There was no passerby on the street at the time, hence no one came to her aid, in response to her shouts. K - - k despoiled the girl. She recognized her assailant, and told her father what had happened to her, and who had done it. Lazar K - - k went to the headquarters of the Hlinka guard, and made a complaint against the assailant. The Commander called in Jan K - - k, who was on duty and demanded that he should answer the accusation. The assailant gave out with the following story:

"I was walking in the park when I noticed that this girl was petting with a young Jew in the bushes under the bridge tower. The Jew fled at my approach."

None of this was true, but the commander took the guard's view of it, of course, reproached the Jew for a false accusation, and threw him out whereupon guards in the yard of the headquarters, surrounded him, and beat him severely. As if this was not enough, that night they broke into his house and smashed everything.

In the same hospital, beside these girls I counted twenty-one other Jewish girls and women who had been assaulted, and raped, and forty-three Jewish men of various ages, some poor, some rich, who had been tortured. Not only the wards, but even the corridors and attic were filled with Jews, covered with bloody cuts. There was not enough equipment, so they had to lie on straw mattresses hurriedly obtained. Some old Orthodox Jews had their beards torn out. Among them were Jozias K - - m, sixty-nine year old scrap iron peddler, who was barely alive from the beating he had received at the time his assailants took from him his purse containing all of his meager savings of eleven thousand Slovak crowns; Leizer H - - m, seventy-three year old peddler, whose beard was torn out on but one side, while left on the other, presumably for the peculiarly decorative effect; Joseph S - - f, sixty-eight year old market peddler, Samuel L - - z, sixty-one year saloon keeper, both of whom were horribly beaten, and a number of young Talmud students who had been seized,

beaten and tortured in the neighborhood of the school they attended.

The Gestapo and the Hlinka guard had the same method of dealing with well-to-do Jews. They successfully blackmailed, for as much as they could, those who wanted to escape the country, and in consideration of bribes, even helped them to get out.

Such was the case of Daniel K - - h, wealthy land owner, who paid several thousand Czech crowns in bribes among the high government officials, and thereupon received permission to have his valuable furniture, rugs, and all his moveable property transferred to a country outside of Europe.

The case of S. I. A - - n, a very wealthy sugar refiner, was somewhat different. He did not pay bribes. When Hitler marched into Vienna, A - - n, foresaw that he would not stop, but would spread his tentacles over Czechoslovakia also. He therefore immediately took steps to turn his fixed assets into cash. He managed to sell his refinery, real estate and home and transferred the proceeds to England just in time. His wife and son had previously left for England, while he went to Prague to sell his remaining assets. He intended to leave immediately thereafter, taking with him his seventy-nine year old mother, whom he temporarily left behind in her own home, turning over to her valuable

jewelry, which he could not take with him. Meanwhile, Hitler marched into Prague, and the Gestapo commenced its work. An informer probably notified the Gestapo that A - - n had disposed of his moveables. They found his safe empty, and that his large deposits had been successfully transferred. They arrested him and beat him to such an extent that he was near death for a month. Then they freed him, and he succeeded in escaping through Poland, traveling by foot during the night. At last he reached London, where his wife and son had been awaiting him in despair. But his aged mother and his jewelry still remained behind. An old friend of A - - n undertook to bring the old lady and the jewelry through Holland to London. When he appeared in Prague with instructions from her son, she gave the jewelry to him immediately. He left her, telling her that he would arrange the next day for her departure. Informers told the Gestapo of this situation. They appeared the same night at the house of the old lady, looking for the jewels. She insisted that she had nothing, which was the truth; that everything was in the possession of her son in London. They thereupon ransacked the residence, even tearing up floors in the search for the jewels. They tortured the old woman, hung her up on the door sill, to compel her to state where they were. Finally, after she had fainted, and

they could not find anything, they left her in the house in the care of her old housekeeper, a Roman Catholic. The latter rushed into the room where the old lady had been left, and found her on the floor. Her efforts to revive her were unavailing. She had already died. A - - n's agent had in fact prepared for the escape of the mother, and the following morning appeared at the house, only to find the Gestapo and the neighbors there. Learning that she was dead, he could do nothing further and left. As a regular English subject, with a passport from England, he succeeded in returning to London with all the jewels, but the mother could not join him. She had been sent to her death, because her son had entrusted some of his belongings to her. It was a terrible mistake.

It is impossible to describe every case of torture, robbery, mistreatment and persecution which I saw in Slovakia, and the victims with whom I talked. I have mentioned but a few of them. It seems amazing that such occurrences, in which the perpetrators act the part of wild beasts could be committed in a country supposedly Christian, and especially one of which a Papal Monsignor is the head. It is possible that he could not control the Nazis and the Gestapo once they had worked into the country. But he betrayed the country to Hitler, and cannot escape a part of the responsibility for the atrocities which resulted.

CHAPTER 11

RAPE AND PILLAGE

In the course of my activities upon the committee, which I have mentioned, organized by Rabbi Joseph K--n of Hust, to aid Jews to leave Czechoslovakia, I made several visits to Vienna. I traveled by automobile from Slovakia to Prague, and on the occasion of my visits to Vienna, by automobile from Prague to that city, returning the same day. In this way I did not have to stay over night in Vienna, either at the convent, where I had put up on my first arrival, or in any hotel. Registering at a hotel would have immediately made known to the Gestapo my return to the city, because a hotel keeper is required to report to it the name and all the information which he obtains about a new guest, directly upon his arrival. Of course, if I had returned to the convent, the Mother Superior, however kindly disposed toward me, would have also reported my return. I would not expect her to do otherwise.

So it was that on a certain day about noon, I was again walking the streets of Vienna. Everywhere I saw the stiff, arm-raising exercises, the sham-Roman "Heil Hitler" salutations. In contrast to these expressions of pride in Nazism, or perhaps the fear of it, were the rapidly disappearing shadows of timid, stealthy Jews,

trying to keep out of sight. These contrasts were everywhere characteristic of the "New Order" of Hitler.

Around noontime I stopped before a restaurant which was marked JUDE. This meant, of course, that no bona-fide Aryan would patronize the place. But I had a definite purpose to look around and to get the "feel" of the Jewish atmosphere. So I went in.

My entrance caused excitement and some alarm. They evidently expected anyone but a high priest in clerical vestments. The proprietor did not dare to inquire about the purpose of my presence; he simply waited for me to state it. When I good-naturedly said that all I wanted was lunch, he warily asked me whether I was aware that it was a JUDE restaurant.

I assured him of my knowledge of the fact, and explained that many years ago I used to eat in Jewish restaurants in Vienna, and took a liking to their meals, and could see no reason why I shouldn't eat there again. I was seated at a clean, well set, separate table where none of the patrons would join me.

The restaurant became quite full. I soon noticed that the customers were much quieter than they used to be in the "good old days," whispering for the most part, and discussing only insignificant matters, when they talked loud enough for me to hear.

Suddenly I was greeted by some one in an embar-

rassed tone of voice. I recognized him at once—he was Lazarus K - - n, a rabbi whom I met and knew well in 1919. I immediately offered him a seat and invited him to eat with me. He was rather confused as he sat down and inquired how he should address me, considering my new ecclesiastical position. I was only a priest when he knew me.

"There are more important things about which I'd like to talk to you," I said in a low voice. "I arrived only recently from America and I want to gather correct data about the situation of the Jews under the Nazis."

The Rabbi shook his head. "This is very dangerous business," he said, "and I want to dissuade your Eminence in your own interest. Just look around, please. The mere fact that we're together has already caused notice. I'd wager there are Nazi spies looking at us right now."

"Spies?" I asked in astonishment. "But after all, you ought to know who is and who isn't a Jew among yourselves!"

"Yes, but we mustn't forget that there are, in the first place, some would-be Jews, and some 'former' Jews. In the second place, there are a number of real Jews who work for the Gestapo."

I almost sprang to my feet. "What are you saying?

That there are Jews spying for the Gestapo against their own brethren? But this is awful, almost unbelievable! If this is true, Jewry actually degrades and brands itself in the eyes of the world. Real men, human beings, can't do anything like this, they must be filthy rats!"

"Your Eminence is right, but only theoretically," said the Rabbi. "No real Jew signed up with the Gestapo voluntarily or for money; but they were forced to do it by the Gestapo's infernal machinations. Usually the Gestapo holds some very close relatives of these Jewish spies as hostages, and they are given to understand in no uncertain language that they'll never see them alive —sons, daughters, brothers, or wives — if they don't serve the Gestapo faithfully. Besides, these spies never know when another Gentile spy is spying on them."

I could hardly gather my wits. It seemed clear that the most bizarre imagination still limped behind the realities of the Nazi spy-system.

The Rabbi sensing my thoughts added: "These Jewish spies have one excuse anyway. They learned what they're doing almost entirely from the Communists, among whom, unfortunately, there were many from our ranks. But I don't have to tell you this; your Eminence remembers it, because we suffered together for a while under Communism. Maybe all I can add is that the

pupils, the Nazis, far outdo their teachers, the Bolsheviks."

I looked at the Rabbi's face with respect. This man possessed such moral strength, that in the very days of the devastating Nazi storm, he volunteered to remind me of the former ignominy of members of the race which he was supposed to defend with all his power. Rabbi K--n's objectiveness unwittingly made me feel that a great past stood behind this people—this great people which gave the Savior and so many prophets to humanity.

"Herr Rabbi," I said at last, "I'd like to have you take me to the homes of some of the Jewish victims, so that I might hear personally, from their own mouths, the story of what happened to them."

As I expected, the Rabbi tried to decline my request. "If I as a Rabbi visit, console or assist these families, it is not resented. But if I should take your Eminence along, I could very easily land in a concentration camp," he said.

"But this possibility threatens me as well," I countered, "and if I'm willing to take the risk, you should. I've been at the Gestapo and they didn't seem to conceal their system. They were publicly beating and abusing their victims. Nor did they make any secret in Innsbruck of the way they herded two hundred tor-

mented Jews into concentration camps."

The Rabbi was evidently thinking. Finally, he said: "Very well, I'll take you to some of the Jewish families which were hit by the Nazis. But I'll do so only on one condition—you mustn't utter a single word against the Nazis, even in the most confidential Jewish circles."

The first address we visited was 29W - - Strasse, Vienna. In apartment eight on the third floor, lived Adolf B - - and his daughter, Rosaly. They were among the first victims of Austria's Nazification.

The room we entered was poorly furnished but neat. Our host was rather alarmed at our appearance, till the Rabbi calmed him with the explanation that we came as interested friends and emphasized that everything we heard would be treated in the utmost confidence, and that he could safely answer my questions.

"Our story is no secret anyway," said B - - n. "Many hundreds know it, so I don't think I'm giving away a secret, if I simply tell you what happened to us."

I confirmed that all he would tell us would be just as inviolable as a confession by a non-Jew to a priest.

"No, no, I don't tell you any secret," he insisted. "I wouldn't do so even if I knew any. I'm just repeating the whole thing as it happened. But before I start, how old do you think I am?"

"Well, you seem around sixty," I answered.

"I guess I do," he said. "But I'm only forty-four, and I didn't look even that old a few months ago. Well, for about a month after Hitler's march into Austria nothing particularly abusive happened to the Jews. The German Gestapo seemed to be busy exclusively with the arrest of the anti-Nazi Austrian politicians. The Jews in Vienna began to think that the stories of atrocities against the Jews in Germany were exaggerated and that the devil wasn't as black as he had been painted.

"At that time I had a small cafeteria at 8 P--- Strasse, which I started some eighteen years before and succeeded in building up bit by bit. When my wife died my daughter Rosaly took her place in the business. We didn't get rich, but we were assured of a respectable living. We even made enough to have Rosaly learn to sing and play the piano.

"On May 1, 1938, I opened my cafeteria at six a.m. as usual. From this time on until seven, my place used to be as busy as a bee-hive, because the workers came in to breakfast before they'd start for the factory. The cafeteria was jammed. About seven the business always becomes a little slack, until the office workers came half an hour later.

"About seven that morning some twenty guests got up from their tables and made their way outside without first settling their checks.

" 'Gentlemen,' I said, 'you forgot to pay your checks.'

"My words were met with roars of laughter. Then they began to banter each other: 'Why don't you pay, Sepy; how about you paying, Kurt? etc.'

" 'But gentlemen,' I said more energetically, 'you must be joking. You can't eat free anywhere in the world. If there was any place like that I'd go there myself. Let's quit jesting and please pay your checks.'

" 'What?' roared one of them coarsely. 'You're a dirty Jew and should feel honored that Aryan guests even put their feet into your filthy Jewish joint! Come on, boys, let's teach this blood-sucking Jew a lesson he'll never forget!'

"In a few seconds bedlam broke loose and the place was turned into chaos. Saltshakers, glasses, cups, silverware, and dishes were showered at me. Rosaly, who rushed to my help from the cashier's counter got the same treatment. The Nazi rabble simply ran amuck; they robbed all the money they found—about three hundred fifty shillings—smashed the mirrors and windows, broke the chairs, tables and dishes—they laid the place completely in ruins. My head was bleeding from several wounds and a piece of glass hurt my eye so severely that I couldn't see anything and become a helpless target of the Nazi vandals. At last I dropped and fainted.

"I learned later that in a short time about half of the crazed mob cleared out; but that just then one of the contemptible ruffians got the idea that they should take Rosaly along. She was screaming, scratching, kicking and biting, but to no avail. Her hands were tied up at her back, she was gagged and carried away.

"Jacob Gr - - n, an old acquaintance of mine who lived close by at 29 P - - - Gasse, was the first to notice what took place. He found me unconscious and bleeding among the ruins. He sprinkled water on my head and finally revived me.

"As soon as I discovered Rosaly's disappearance I rushed to the police and demanded energetic action. But the police seemed indifferent. 'If you know any of them and can give us his name and address we might do something,' they said. 'Otherwise, whatever the result, it will be too late at the best.'

"When they recorded my story I knew that they were doing it merely for formality. I was a Jew and the others were—Nazis!

"The news of my misfortune began to spread in the neighborhood and my Jewish brothers came one after another, trying to console me. This was one of the first episodes of the Nazi 'new order' to which they were eyewitnesses. They all broke out in spontaneous prayers and asked Jehovah to rid the Jews of the Nazi cancer.

"After I had gone half crazy and aged many years, Rosaly came back—three days later. But what a condition she was in! She seemed entirely beside herself. Not answering my questions at all, she just sobbed and let out occasional shrieking wails. Only she could know the disgrace, indignity and atrocities she had to endure and she would hardly mention anything at all about those gruesome days she experienced as the helpless victim of a bunch of lustful Nazi degenerates. Since then she still hasn't recovered from the shock and appears rather dull-minded and reticent."

B - - - n paused for a moment and dried a tear from the edge of his eye. Then he called into the adjoining room: "Rosaly, my dear child, we have some guests here who would like to see you. Come out, my dear, for a moment."

An attractive, slender, but well proportioned girl of about twenty entered the room. But there was no expression, no visible emotion in her face or looks.

"Hello, Rosaly," I tried to address her, but she would not answer. Rabbi K - - n, too, greeted her, but she kept her silence steadfastly. At last her father told her:

"Darling, these gentlemen are our friends and they like you. Why don't you answer them?"

The girl raised her pretty, clear eyes to us and tears trickled from them. Then she said softly, deliberately,

almost in a whisper: "I have already died, and the dead cannot talk."

It was tragically touching and I could hardly keep my own tears back. I didn't want to press her any longer and turned to her father: "How do you make your living now that you have no business?"

"Our living?" he asked in a far-away voice. "I can't call this living. There can be no living while the Nazis are masters over our lives. At first we sold all we had; now the congregation supports us. But they can't do much either—there are too many of us to be sustained."

I tendered him a small sum of money, but he would not accept it, until Rabbi K--n intervened. Greatly moved by their misery, I took leave of them and blessed them both. Rosaly, too, extended her hand mumly. In my last glance at her she looked like a broken young flower—the broken white rose of Hebron.

The Nazis, who have totally ignored the sanctity of human lives—especially those not of German Aryans —all of a sudden became anxious friends of the animals and declared that the Mosaic laws with reference to the ritual slaughter, were inhuman and the Jewish ritual was cruelty to animals. This, in spite of the fact that the Mosaic laws contain many provisions for the sparing and preservation of them. So, the sensitive Nazi regime decreed that the "shochets" of Vienna must not

thereafter slaughter poultry or cattle, thereby throwing all Jewish slaughterers into idleness.

Lazarus K - - n conducted me, during this trip, to the house of one of them. Abraham K - - 's wife greeted us in his fourth floor flat. She was about sixty-five years old, apparently in good health. We inquired about her husband, and she pointed to another room: "He's had a bad day again, the poor man. He is resting now," she said.

Our mission was explained to her and she politely asked us to go into the bedroom.

An emaciated old man of about seventy lay on the bed. His face was covered with ugly scars. Little areas of gray whiskers between the scars presented a sad sight. When he learned the purpose of our visit he forced himself into a sitting position and asked in a sepulchral tone: "What's the use of all this? If Jehovah forsook us, how can men help?"

"The ways of the Lord are mysterious," admonished the Rabbi. "It is not in your province to try to ascertain and judge them."

The old man bent his head in acquiescence, and in his reply he unwittingly used the words of Christ on the cross: "His will be done!" and the Rabbi solemnly added: "Amen."

Then he began to reconstruct his individual Jewish

tragedy.

"When the ritual slaughter was outlawed," he began, "we could not kill cattle because the slaughter houses came under Nazi supervision. And the Nazi ban inspired sufficient fear to keep us from slaughtering fowl. Thus for some six weeks the religious Jews did not eat any meat at all.

"They constantly approached me and begged me to slaughter some poultry secretly. Despite their oaths that they'd be careful and would never give me away, I declined at first. But as the days and weeks passed, my financial plight became more and more acute. Besides, I, too, wanted to eat some meat. So eventually I acceded to their requests and in the greatest secrecy began to slaughter poultry again. One of my large closets, filled knee-deep with sand, was used for the ritual slaughter-room.

"Everything seemed to go well for about a month. I said my ritual prayers more carefully than ever before, lest I invoke God's wrath and punishment. But my punishment was soon to come.

"One day the ever-present, prying Nazi busybodies nabbed two women who had just left my house with their poultry in their heavily covered baskets. They were taken to the Gestapo headquarters at once and the Nazi machinery of investigation was set into full action.

The women remained unbending despite the roughest methods. Coaxing and threats were of no avail, they would not give me away. One of the investigators suggested some extremely drastic way of making them yield. But their leader, a Gestapo inspector, thought differently. 'There's no need for that,' he said, 'They'll soon readily confess the name of the slaughterer, anyway.'

"They were locked up for a few hours and then they were again given a chance to confess. Instead they just kept on lamenting, weeping and—adamant. Finally the inspector nonchalantly asked them: 'Look, my good women, would you like to see your children again?'

"The women demanded with terror in their eyes: 'For God's sake, what's happened to our children: You can't hurt them! They didn't do anything, they're innocent.'

"Maybe they are innocent, we'll see,' the inspector assured them. 'But until you're ready to confess, we'll keep them in prison. And don't blame us if they'll have to get along on dry bread and water and if they'll have to dream about their loving mothers while they sleep on the stone cots of the prison.'

"The two women looked at each other as though trying to find out if the inspector was merely trying to trick them into a confession. But the inspector seemed to sense their hesitation, and ordered the children

brought in. Five crouching, sobbing, terrified children rushed up to their mothers, who needed no more prodding. They confessed that I was the 'illegal fowl-slaughterer.'

"An hour later the Gestapo visited me and took me with them. They offered and I needed no explanation. I knew that I had been betrayed.

"At the headquarters they started to grill me. At first I was thinking of denying the charge, but when they named the two women, I knew that my cause was lost and I made a full confession. In their eyes I was a vicious law-breaker and as such, they said, I was liable to be involved in much more serious crimes against the Third Reich. I was told that my house would be searched for any possibly incriminating document that would link me to the enemies of the 'New Order.'

"Up to that time I had not been hurt at all—at which I was greatly surprised—and I was not afraid of the prospect of the search of my house, as I knew they wouldn't find anything even remotely suspicious as far as my political activity was concerned.

"And so it was. They found nothing which aroused suspicion of political activity. Instead, they found, hidden in a canvas sack, eleven gold pieces which, they claimed, should have been turned in. In the end I was taken back to headquarters and the 'heat' was on again.

Now they wanted me to confess where the rest of my money was hidden. I desperately denied everything—I knew only too well that I'd be robbed of my last cent and thrown out penniless. That evening the Nazis beat me up terribly and tossed me for the night into a pitch dark, damp closet-hole.

"Next morning the third degree started again, but I remained as silent as a stone. A stubborn resistance came over me and I just couldn't bear the thought that I should inform these Nazi thieves about the hiding place of my money, saved through years and years of honest, sweating labor. They slapped me, kicked me and did all but kill me. I still didn't tell.

"I shrugged my shoulder and they probably realized that I meant it when I said: 'You can kill me if you want to, it would probably be better than living among you.'

The chief Nazi inquisitor tried different tactics.

" 'Look,' he said, 'your crime is punishable with ten years' imprisonment. And until the trial, you'll be locked up for months in a concentration camp. And people don't always come back from there. But if you'll tell us where your money is hidden, I give you my word that nothing serious will happen to you.'

"I knew the value of the Nazi 'word' and I didn't yield. Again and again they would start the shrewd-

est methods of their inquisition, but by now I was perversely headstrong. This finally irritated them so, that they were going stark mad. And the moment to give vent to this madness came presently. The chief Nazi had left for a few moments. At this instant one of the Gestapo men grabbed a bottle filled with benzine and poured the contents on my beard. Before I could realize what was happening, he snapped his cigaret lighter against it and lit my beard."

The unfortunate victim of Nazi brutality halted for a moment. The horror of the recollection was reflected on his face. He seemed to live over this night-mare of Nazi experience. His trembling fingers ran over his cheeks and chin where the ugly scars, spotted with grey bristles, were most eloquent mementos of the story he was relating. After a short pause he continued:

"I felt an awful, killing pain as the flame enveloped my face. I instinctively shut my eyes, at least to save myself from blindness. By the time I wrapped something around my face to smother the flames, I was ready to faint. In my utter agony and desperation I could do only one thing—and I tried to express with this one act all my hate and scorn of Nazidom—I spat into the eyes of my tormentor. Just then the chief investigator returned. The guards told him that I had cursed them, spat into their faces and tried to pour benzine over the

place to set it afire. That was how my beard got burned, they said. The pain, the torture, and their vicious lies were more than I could endure. I fell into a coma.

"When I came to I was in a cab with my guards. They took me home. My swooning wife could not even learn what happened—she saw my disfigured, gory face.

"They told her: 'This is only the beginning. You'd better come across and hand us all the money you've got or—it's a choice between your dirty money or your husband!'

"I tried to shout to my wife not to comply. But my voice was hardly more than a whisper and she probably wouldn't have listened to me, anyway.

Without hesitation she pointed to a board of the floor: 'Here it is, take it all, but don't hurt my husband anymore.'

"The Nazis greedily pried the floor open and there they found in a little box all I had saved up in my life to provide for our old age. It wasn't much—less than two hundred dollars' worth of money, but it was all I had. The Nazis sank it all in their pockets and one of them said scoffingly: 'You see, you crazy Jew, you could have done this before you sacrificed your beard.'

"Yes, that's just what he said — 'sacrificed.' They didn't deliberately burn my beard off, they merely accepted my sacrifice of it!

"Before they left they asked me if I knew the penalty for hiding foreign money. 'Five to ten years in prison!' they shouted in my ears. My wife humbly begged and supplicated them not to harm us any more. 'We are beggars, anyway,' she said.

"'We won't promise anything,' they said, 'if it will be required by the higher authorities we'll come for you again. Meanwhile your money is confiscated—and you'd better keep your mouth shut tight about the whole incident, or you can say good-bye to the world for good!'

"That was the last I saw of them—and my money," concluded the narrator. Then he added with stoical calm: "This is all. If the Lord willed it so and this is to His liking—His will be done!"

The extent of the Nazi terror in Austria can be realized from the fact that, within five months from the seizure of Austria, in March, 1938, "in Vienna alone three hundred Jews were killed and sixty thousand jailed, about eighteen thousand of these being shipped off to the camps at Buchenwald and Oranienberg and that of these, fifteen hundred died within a few days of maltreatment." In May of that year alone, "six thousand Viennese Jews were sent to concentration camps; in November, eight months after the invasion, the secret police received orders to organize 'spontaneous' persecution of Jews."

The above are data for Jews alone. The source of these figures, is a reliable Catholic journalist of Vienna, who was living there at the time of the invasion. His only offense was that "he believed in the ideal of an independent Austria committed to the tradition of courtesy and culture." For this he himself spent a horrible year in Dachau. This authority further states, that within five months after the invasion, "twenty-four thousand men including Jews and non-Jews, were sent to concentration camps; and that prisons and jails were jammed with eighty thousand men and seventeen thousand women."

I am convinced that the toll of Jews and non-Jews who were confined in jails and concentration camps, who died from maltreatment and exposure there and who were executed in Czechoslovakia during a like period after the complete overrunning of Czechoslovakia, in March 1939, was greater than in Austria, for the reason that the people of Czechoslovakia were and are "harder" and more resistant to their "protectors."

CHAPTER 12

NAZIS ENTER PRAGUE

I arrived in Prague on January 12, 1939, in pursuance of my duties upon the committee organized by Rabbi Joseph K - - - n, to aid the refugees, who were already fleeing from the terror that had started in Slovakia. Prague was still quiet, but tense, as if in anticipation of important events to come. President Benes of Czechoslovakia and his government were still in control of the maimed and torn country. Hitler, although stating to the world that he had no further demands upon Czechoslovakia or any further ambitions in Europe, was already assailing the Czechoslovakian Government in general and President Benes specifically and endeavoring to find excuses for an assault upon the country. The Benes Government was trying to maintain its authority over Slovakia and there were clashes between the Czechoslovakian army and the Hlinka guard, supported by Tiso, in which the regular army was uniformly successful.

Prague was orderly and there were no manifestations against the Jews, although there was a small but active group of Czechoslovakian Nazis who demonstrated their existence and sympathies on occasion. With foreboding of what they would do, if they were in control—which would be, of course, the usual pattern of Nazi

banditry, I took a room in the modern Y. M. C. A. American hotel and daily visited the largest and most frequented coffee houses and restaurants to gain an impression of the situation. The places were crowded with Jews who had escaped from Vienna, Slovakia and the Sudeten. No other language could be heard among them than German and Hungarian, thus showing that the Jews who had escaped from Slovakia had remained Hungarian even after twenty years of residence in Czechoslovakia. Having found out that I was an American citizen and nevertheless endeavoring to aid them, the word passed from one to another and finally it seemed that whoever was in trouble came to me with his difficulties. The number of those seeking my assistance increased from day to day, so that finally my room in the hotel became inadequate and I had to establish a regular office where I could receive them. This I did. Some needed visas and could not obtain them, as they had no baptismal certificates. Others had no passports and even if they had, the big "J" (Jew) was stamped on the passport and they could not get visas on such passports—at least not without a lot of red tape. Others had both passports and visas but could not get exit permits from the Gestapo and without these they could not leave the country. I went to the Gestapo in Prague and in many cases succeeded in obtaining

exit permits for them. Doors were still open to my Episcopal robes and I was glad to do what I could.

I was sitting in the cafeteria of the hotel before eight o'clock of the morning of February 16, 1939 having breakfast, when I saw an astonishing sight. German tanks were passing the Y.M.C.A. Hotel! A number of us ran out of the hotel to the sidewalk. The tanks were in groups of five and between each group was a line of military cars with German officers in them. I counted eight hundred and ninety-six of these tanks, in groups of five and hundreds of military cars. At the end of the tanks there was a formation of about two thousand German infantry. I stood on the sidewalk from seven-thirty until ten-thirty in the morning observing the German force passing the hotel. The city, at least in the neighborhood of the march, was extremely quiet. There were no crowds along the sidewalk. I saw people looking out of the windows, but there was no cheering; everybody was silent. The only response in favor of the Nazis was some Nazi salutes from the Nazi headquarters which was in a building on the opposite of the square from the hotel in which I was living. The windows of this headquarters quickly blossomed with the Swastika flag. The Germans were in Prague! I had a presentiment that this was going to happen, but those to whom I mentioned it laughed at me.

"That's impossible," they said. "England and France will immediately step in and attack Germany." But the Germans were in Prague, and the Benes government was in flight; a Czechoslovakian government which was a stooge for Hitler, whether willingly or unwillingly, took its place.

When the march was over, and I returned to my office, I found fifty or sixty Jews there. "This is our end," they cried. "Hitler is here." Before the following morning, the Gestapo picked up seven hundred refugee Jews. I went to the headquarters of the Gestapo, which had already been established in the city—in full Episcopal regalia.

The head of the guard refused to admit me. I did not leave, but walked back and forth, on the sidewalk in front of the headquarters. My dress and conduct evidently aroused curiosity within because, suddenly, a window in the building was opened and a man in Nazi uniform looked out and said to me in German: "Whom are you looking for?"

"I'm looking for the chief of the Gestapo," I replied.

"I'm the chief," he said, and immediately ordered that I should be conducted to him.

"We introduced ourselves. It turned out that his uncle was the Roman Catholic Archbishop at ———. It was for that reason, I suppose, that I received a rather

kindly reception. The commander wasn't the usual type of Gestapo executive. He proved to be a Christian of good will and through him, I was able to assist a number of Jewish refugees. He issued exit permits to a number of them. However, this did not last long. This kind man was removed, as might have been expected, and a very different sort of official appointed in his place.

In the darkness of the night, by hidden roads and through fields and forests, caravans of Jews endeavored to escape from Prague and Bohemia to Poland. This went on until I left Prague and Bohemia in the late spring of 1939. They were not aware that they were jumping from the frying pan into the fire. For Poland was undergoing the "softening up process" by Hitler, preliminary to the invasion of September 1, 1939, after which the condition of the Jews in Poland was worse, than even in the countries from which they fled, if that were possible.

A case of extraordinary cruelty came to my attention, at about this period. One Eugene K - - r, a Jew, made his home in Carlsbad, in Czechoslovakia, where he had been taking the cure for a long time. He was well known in Carlsbad as a philanthropic man. Numbers of the poor used to wait for him in a line every Tuesday and Friday, I learned. I knew a number of them

by name. K - - r visited them in their homes and gave them tangible help, as he found necessary. In giving alms he did not make any discrimination between Jews and non-Jews, considering only the needs of those to whom he gave of his bounty. He never gave anyone less than fifty Czech crowns. Besides, he knew who needed shoes, clothes, and other things and gave these. K - - r was sixty-eight years old and without a family of his own. The Gestapo arrived in Carlsbad. It was on a Tuesday and K - - r was dispensing his gifts to a group waiting upon him, as was his custom. Suddenly a squad of the Gestapo, about twelve strong, surrounded the group. Without further word, shots were discharged, killing three and gravely wounding five others in the line. All the rest, including K - - r, were taken to the Gestapo Headquarters. There they were searched and on K - - r they found twenty-five thousand Czech crowns and on each of the others one hundred and fifty Czech crowns, which they acknowledged they had received that day from their benefactor. Those arrested admitted without exception that K - - r aided them each week, and that the sums they had were received from him. Each one of the objects of K - - r's bounty received twelve strokes of the lash, while K - - r got twenty-five of them, and was accused of organizing a conspiracy against the Reich. The payment of money by

K - - r was to conspirators with him for past and future services, in opposition to the new regime. He called upon many witnesses to testify to the purely philanthropic nature of his activities, but it was in vain. He admitted that he had a safe in the National Bank, containing three million Czech crowns and various stocks and bonds of the value of a million. He was taken before the Court of Summary Trials.

I happened to be in Carlsbad, awaiting a permit for Rabbi K - - n, as secretary of the committee for aid of the refugees from Slovakia, to cross the border into Germany with me, when K - - n was informed by a relative of Eugene K - - r of his imprisonment. I was asked to intervene with Baron von Neurath, the Nazi "protector" of Czechoslovakia, because I was supposed to be on good terms with the Baron's brother-in-law, whose residence was Pozsony (Bratislava). I hastened to Bratislava, saw the relative of the "Protector," and made my plea to him. He immediately got in touch with the Baron on the telephone, but was informed that K - - r had already been executed. This was confirmed by a report of the case, published in the Herald of Bratislava a day or two later. K - - r died for the poor, a martyr to his philanthropic instincts, which the Gestapo chose to call "conspiratorial activities."

It was while I was staying in Prague and busy in the

rescue work of the Jews who were now fleeing in large numbers from Bohemia, that my friend Rabbi K - - - asked me to go with him to Vienna upon an errand of assistance to a few of his brethren who were still there. After transacting our business, he informed me that he wanted very much, that I should visit with him at the rooms of Aaron R - - g, who was at one time a wealthy and prominent banker of Vienna.

"From what I've heard," he said to me, "this man had an extraordinary experience with the Gestapo, and I want you to hear it."

CHAPTER 13

THE BANKER'S ORDEAL

The R--gs lived on the fourth floor of a populous tenement house. When we rang the bell the banker's wife opened the door. Past fifty, she was still attractive, though her face reflected care and sorrow. Innate intelligence, and culture were written all over her countenance. They did not have a maid, of course. Jews must not hire Aryan servants. Besides, "Aryan" maids were all Nazi spies.

Rabbi K--n briefly stated the purpose of our visit. She politely tried to excuse her husband and herself from going into details of the past. Furthermore, she didn't like to excite her husband. He was just reading Goethe's Faust—he had always enjoyed the German classics and liked them even now, she explained. When I reminded her that Germans made bonfires of the works of all Jewish authors, and so they might retaliate by "boycotting" Aryan works, she tersely remarked:

"The Nazis are not German, they are savages!"

Rabbi K--n did not insist on hearing their story. He only suggested diplomatically that it would help the Jewish cause, if one day a high-ranking Christian priest, could be called upon to testify about Nazi deeds before a jury of the world, gathered to pass judgment

upon Hitler and his Nazis. Finally she yielded and went into another room to announce our visit to her husband. Presently the white wings of the door opened wide, and she invited us to enter.

With a firm grip of the hand, the banker greeted us in the manner of a man of the world, and asked us to be seated. His appearance at once suggested the intelligent gentleman. In physique and confidence and ease of his bearing, the difference between him and the leading characters of our former visits was striking. He was approaching sixty, I would say, but his thick brown hair hardly showed a spot of gray, and he had a well-set, sturdy figure.

"Well," he began the conversation, "what do you gentlemen want from a hermit Jew like me?"

"If you don't mind," I answered smiling, "we'd like to talk about a thing or two."

"Fortunately, that's still possible," he said and his smile turned into a grin, "because my tongue hasn't yet been cut out—although, possibly, the Nazis just forgot about that. Nor did I get concussion of the brain from the Nazi thumps, and I can almost forget those kicks into my ribs. All in all, I can safely say in retrospection, that my Nazi hosts were mere dilettantes, blustering bullies, who just wanted to scare me a little."

"I enjoy your excellent humor, Mr. R[illegible]g," I said.

"But you would really oblige me, if you'd tell the whole story in a more coherent form."

"Very well," agreed the banker, "Let's start then with a fact; it is a grand enough idea to be a Jew, but it's also a grave task—especially since some time ago."

"I've heard," I interjected, "that you have fulfilled this task too—and with distinction."

"M-m-m-m," hummed the banker, "we mustn't look on everything from the darkest side. No, we mustn't give our adversaries that much satisfaction. I never did, as you'll see from phases of my life that I'm about to mention."

"Going back quite some time, I recall the day when I graduated from the 'Yeshiva,' that's the Jewish name of our theological seminary, for I prepared to become a rabbi, not a banker. Right after graduation, I was mustered into the army. Real anti-Semitism didn't exist in those days. For example, if our superior officers were to call us 'such and such Jews,' we had the right to lodge a complaint against them.

"You ought to see me as I was then—an awkward young Jew, or 'bocher' as we would say, who had just got out of the 'Yeshiva' and had done nothing since he was thirteen, except cram the 'Talmud' and the 'Gemorrah' some sixteen hours a day, study the famous cabalists and endeavor to become master of the Snosticism

and sophism which emanated from a dead world.

"And a lad like this was mustered into the army! If my superiors had only tried to argue with me! I probably could have proved to them with the greatest ease, that they had died five thousand years ago and so they couldn't even talk to me.

"But who wanted to argue? Who among them was interested in the Talmud, the Pentateuch, the psalms of King David, or the laments of Prophet Jeremiah? And my knowledge and erudition, the result of many long years' study, certainly could not remove my clumsiness, my physical weakness. I was clumsy in every move I made. I was two left-legged and my fingers were all thumbs. So it was natural that every peasant in my barracks sharpened his tongue on 'witty' remarks at my expense, and that the whole company picked me out for scorn and derision.

"My greatest tragedy at the start was that I had to give up my earlocks. The loss of this highly esteemed hair appendage made me twice as gawky. It was as though I had lost an arm, or one of my eyes had been blindfolded.

"My next 'tragedy' came immediately afterwards. How could I, the rabbi-to-be, eat unclean, 'trefa' foods tainted with pork lard! But as a buck private I wasn't allowed to leave the camp for six weeks. How could

I buy and eat 'kosher' food on the outside, even if I had the money for it?

"It was soon discovered that I ate only the bread and threw away the rest of the meals. The corporal wasted little time before he yelled at me, 'You fool Jew, can't you get it in your thick head that you're in the army now? If you can part with your earlocks—you've got to get used to 'trafa' food, too!"

"I remained adamant and wouldn't eat. Finally the corporal had me tied up and forced pieces of bacon into my mouth. What could I do? I soon began eating 'non-Kosher' meals. At first I was nauseated and choked on the food I tried to swallow. But gradually I realized that I could survive, despite the 'unclean diet' I had to consume. Moreover, I began to rationalize that God would forgive me because I was forced to eat 'trefa.'

"But one can't stop halfway. Slowly I started to 'Talmudize' with myself, trying to convince myself that it was really unimportant to Jehovah whether or not a little, insignificant Jew like myself ate Kosher food. Perhaps, I continued in my self-assurance, it may have been important three thousand years ago, but it's God's will that the world change and we change with it.

"From the religiously 'unclean' but otherwise good and nourishing food, and from the daily drills and ex-

ercises. I began to straighten out, to grow strong, and to learn how to manipulate the army guns. Fewer and fewer became the kicks which I received from my corporal. It got so that he kicked me more out of pure habit, than from my faults and mistakes. And the accompanying slaps had practically disappeared.

"I don't mention these slaps and kicks for complaint. They did not represent a general practice in the army, but often the corporal could do nothing else in my case, because frequently the whole company was punished by the captain or the major on account of my miserable faults or awkwardness.

"After six months I got into the non-commissioned school. This was the place where I 'felt at home.' Why, in many respects I knew more than the instructing sergeants, and officers. What I had to learn I learned after a single reading. History, military science, ballistics, map-reading, ordnance, and all other subjects came to me like child's play. In three months I came out a corporal, and three additional months put the much-coveted sergeant's stripes on me.

"What real joy it was to 'revenge' sometimes the kicks and cuffs I had received! At those times I felt life was beautiful and Jehovah was just.

"Well," said the banker with a sudden turn, "the Nazi regime also started with kicks and slaps. But

never mind. Sooner or later I'll 'graduate' here, too, from the 'non-commissioned school' even if I'll have to go to America to do it—and God willing I'll return the blows and kicks, too, and with interest!

"Incidentally, I might mention here that during the years I spent in banking, I always tried to do right by my fellow men and I was considered to be rather free handed. Well, it's true that I gave a little to all who came to me for aid. Art, literature, and, yes, Christian churches, too, often received my donations. Then wagging tongues circulated stories, about my 'suspicious generosity,' because I often waived as much as six months rent, of such tenants of mine, who became impoverished through no fault of their own and could not scrape together the rent money—though propably this was really f o o l i s h 'generosity,' because these fine 'friends' showed their gratitude by whispering rumors about 'how much I must have been stealing to be able to give so generously.'

"This whispering started the Nazi action against us. One day the Gestapo came and the group leader informed me that I was charged with hoarding foreign currency. So, he wanted to know where I was hiding it.

" 'The charge is a figment of imagination,' I said calmly. 'I have no foreign money. What I did have, I turned in. Here are my receipts. And I don't en-

gage in smuggling.'

"'But the one who sent in the report,' the Nazi leader said, 'seems to be well informed. He even states that you are what might be termed a 'Jew with a heart,' who has always distributed part of the wealth you have accumulated by various fraudulent manipulations, in order to hood wink the world and to pave your way to an eventual baronetcy. As a matter of fact he is also aware, and so reports, that you have surrendered a certain amount of the money you had, but he also avers that this does not represent one tenth of your hidden treasure. What's your answer to all this?'

"'I not only say that his report is a lie,' I retorted, 'but I can also see that he is nothing but a scurrilous cad, and quite possibly a Jewish cad—probably one of those who can never forgive me that I have helped them.'

"'Now look,' said the Nazi leader, 'we're not living in times when crafty words can take away from the facts. Our experience is that similar reports prove to be correct in ninety-eight percent of all cases, and that they conform to the truth either fully or, at least, very substantially. The report asserts that you came to Vienna twelve years ago with thirty-five heller (cents) in your pocket. In these years you have acquired as many houses. We have therefore a perfect right to look into

the origin of your wealth, because it seems quite reasonable to suppose that no one can get a four to five story building every year in a perfectly honest, upright, and impeccable way. But let's stick to the subject. You were the owner of great wealth. Your books are allegedly falsified, but even so they show possession of large sums of money. What's happened to all that money?'

"'I don't have to account to you for it. I turned in all the foreign money and gold I had; and I could have thrown the rest of my money into the Danube if I so pleased.'

"'But according to our decrees even such amounts must be kept in a place where they can be publicly controlled!'

"'I know about this order. But I disposed of my personal wealth at the time when Austria was still Austria and my actions were not prohibited.'

"'Frankly speaking,' remarked the Gestapo man, 'This doesn't sound very convincing, and under the circumstances I must search your house. It seems to me that you're a typical, shrewd banker who knows all the tricks. Or I might say, you are just exactly the money-making, money-grabbing, money-hoarding type for whom the Third Reich has no use at all.'

"'I have not been banking at all since the laws of the

Reich came into effect and consequently I could not violate your laws,' I said, though I knew I couldn't change his opinion. 'I fully understand your view that henceforth your own bankers should be making the money.'

" 'That sounds treasonable,' said the Nazi, 'and don't think for a moment that you'll get away with anything. If you could, it would be strictly against the tenets and the interest of the Third Reich.'

"After this the search started. With incredible barbarism and detail, they pried and peeped into everything. Nevertheless, they found nothing and this, again, visibly disturbed them because the result or rather the lack of result of such searches was usually ascribed to their own inefficiency. And the Gestapo men certainly did not want to be badly thought of on account of the welfare or ill-fate of a Jew. This was one of the reasons of their minute search in every nook and corner.

"Evidently disappointed, the Nazi overlord declared that I had to go with them. Then in a magnanimous manner he granted my request that I be allowed to take leave of my wife. 'Yes, you may take leave of her and might as well make a good job of it,' he said with a peculiar emphasis. 'There are certain doors which open for some one only one way—inwardly!'

"I shan't bore you with a description of our farewell. My poor wife was more dead than alive, and I myself was prepared for the worst. I recalled my army years —the cuffs, kicks, the loss of my earlocks. But, also, I recalled my final victory, when my former tormentors obediently awaited my orders as sergeant.

"And though I didn't exactly expect to be made a sergeant by the Gestapo, still I wasn't too frightened, either. I figured that I could still 'take it.' It'll work out somehow, I consoled myself—it always has.

"When we arrived at the Gestapo, I was first escorted to the second floor. Here the leader of the raid addressed me with surprising civility: 'My mission is now ended. We found nothing yet and you confessed nothing. We have no proofs. But for these very reasons, we must hand you over to the investigation department. The rest is your and their business. If you're smart, and I hope for your sake that you are, you will abandon your denial and will confess before you get beaten half-to-death, for most of them first try to do it just the other way around.'

"I had little time left to reflect upon this unusually humane language from a Nazi policeman. Two robust men came on either side of me and a third one behind me. 'Let's go,' came the curt order, and we started out silently. By some winding hall-ways we went down-

ward. We met several Nazi guards and their victims, whose bleeding noses and the blue contusions on them indicated the ordeals through which they had gone. Finally we arrived in the basement from which doors led into several large halls. We went into one of them with walls about a foot thick. No sounds, no screams could penetrate it. I was pushed into a corner seat and while I was awaiting my fate one of the guards went into a neighboring room probably to report my case.

"Now I had a chance to look around. The place was filled with equipment which at first resembled that in a gymnasium—bars and swings with ropes and straps attached to them, pinewood tables along the walls. Closer observation of the objects on the table gave an entirely different aspect to the whole room. They were whips, thongs, knouts of all kinds, branks, thumbscrews, racks, and cranks in the weirdest selection. In the corner stood a real pillory and stocks. There was no doubt in my mind anymore, I was in a veritable torture chamber. The twentieth century, it seemed, was turned back into the fifteenth. I began to see light—this was the essence of Nazism.

"I shuddered repeatedly and felt the blood leaving my heart and paleness creeping over my face. I shook my head again and again. Perhaps I was only dreaming. This can't be true in our century. But it was

true, as I found out quickly enough, when the Gestapo guard returned with some documents. He nodded to the others and told them that the order was signed. Then he turned to me.

" 'Look here,' he said, 'you'll be examined as ordered by the higher authorities. If you have brains, you'll save yourself from torture, and us from—fatigue. You hid your wealth and you hid your foreign money. Are you willing to reveal the hiding place and surrender everything?'

" 'Gentlemen,' I said wearily, 'my first words told you the truth. More than that I couldn't say even if you'd skin me alive. I did have money and foreign currency. But upon advance notice that Austria would be occupied—it was two weeks before the actual occupation—I transferred all my possessions into a London bank.

"The Gestapo men exchanged glances. They had hardly expected such frank talk. But presently their leader said to me: 'If you think you can get anywhere with us by such a simple story as this, you have another guess coming. Maybe you did send some money to London, but you could have left quite a portion of your wealth right here, concealing it in a safe hiding place.'

"He pointed to a large armchair for me to sit down, but evidently I wasn't quick enough for him, because he

roughly pushed me in. So this was the prelude, I thought.

"The leader of my investigators was called Herr Schumacher by his men. He sat down vis-a-vis to me on a smaller bench and gazed into my face, while he spoke in an austere tone:

" 'You belong to that fawning, sponging, parasite race which is versed in accumulating great wealth out of the bloody sweat of gullible, Christian Aryans. You left Lemberg with thirty-five heller (cents) in your pocket about twelve years ago. Today you own twelve houses with a total income of at least half a million shillings annually. Can you be so brazen-faced, as to deny that no one could get such wealth in a short time except by stealing, swindling, and the exploitation of others?'

" 'And by other ways, too,' I said simply. 'But, of course, you wouldn't even think of those—by brains, honesty, and industry. This is how I got my wealth, but you—'

"I could get no further. I had hardly uttered these words when a rubber hose came down on my head with a thump. I'd just noticed that two of Herr Schumacher's henchmen had been standing mumly behind my back. My inquisitor raised his hand motioning to them to halt the further 'disciplining.' Then Herr Schumacher continued nonchalantly as if nothing had hap-

pened.

"'You are from that dastardly, furtive race,' he began, 'which never sows but always harvests, which never tends the grape-vine but still always has the vintage, which never goes to the battle in war times, but only delivers the paper-soled boots for the army, which never sheds its own blood for the fatherland, but only collects the glory which belongs to others and makes silver and gold out of the blood of others!'

"'Right you are, Herr Schumacher,' I said with a wry smile. 'I really made silver in the war. Indeed, I did! Look, it's right here in my pocket!' And I reached in and drew out a flat, silk-covered case, in which four different decorations shone.

"There was embarrassed amazement in their eyes. Herr Schumacher took the case from me, weighed it in his hands, examined the medals, then suddenly broke out: 'You didn't say a thing about these up to now. But you've got to confess where and from whom you got these decorations? And how much did you pay for them?'

"'Where did I get them?' I asked scornfully. 'By no means in the inquisitional chambers of Herr Tomas de Torquemada, where you'll probably get your medals. And it was not money with which I paid for them; it was the cheap blood of what you so bravely called a

dastardly and furtive race.'

"The disciplinary action of a bludgeon was brought down on my head by the resentful guardsmen behind my back and I became dazed. Beckoning again, Herr Schumacher halted the further blows and murmured: 'There's no hurry, Fritz—we have lots of time.' Then he turned to me, strangely somewhat confused: 'You mentioned some name before. Who is he? I presume he's your accomplice. What was that name again?'

" 'Well, I talked about Herr Torquemada.'

" 'So what? Who is he? Your accomplice?'

" 'No,' I answered intrepidly, 'that gentleman is *your* accomplice!'

"Herr Schumacher was evidently losing his patience —which he unmistakably evidenced by kicking twice into my shinbone. Then he growled defiantly: 'Look here, you! There's a limit to everything. I haven't touched you yet with a finger. I haven't even called you a dirty Jew. I supposed that you were an intelligent man, and would behave like one. Don't try the hero-stuff here. It just won't go and you'll find it out damn soon. You'll never make me believe that there's one single man in your race who'd have any guts at all.'

"I was convinced that I couldn't expect mercy from these men, no matter how humble I would be. They had only one duty—the regular daily torture of their

wards. Therefore, I decided that, at least, I wouldn't tremble before them. I wouldn't give them that much satisfaction. So without thinking I cried:

" 'If you had ever made an insane statement like this to Immanuel Kant, he surely would have written The Critique of Pure Simplicity, instead of the Critique of Pure Reason!'

"Herr Schumacher roared: 'Who the hell are you talking about now? What kind of Jew are you mumbling about? Which synagogue did this wonder-rabbi Immanuel belong to?'

" 'Immanuel Kant was not a Jew,' I told him unemotionally, 'He was the greatest philosopher of Germany.'

"Abashed and greatly hurt in his dignity, Herr Schumacher again connected his shoes with my shinbone. 'Enough, you confounded Jew!' he boomed. 'Stop this damned, crazy gab of yours! You'd better start singing about the way you swindled and cheated together your dozen houses. And where you're hiding the mazuma which you haven't smuggled abroad.'

"I left his raging unanswered. But he came right back:

" 'Hey, Jew! Are you deaf? Haven't you heard my question: Or do you want me to pry your big mouth and ears open?'

"I was still mute. In his fury Herr Schumacher

worked himself into a laugh and said, 'My dear sir, I wonder if you'd be good enough to tell us why you choose to remain silent?'

"'I thought you were talking to your dog before,' I said cooly. 'If you got no answer why don't you ask your dog why he didn't bark back?'

"This was far beyond what Nazi ears had been accustomed to or could stand. Herr Schumacher's fat, heavy paws came down on my face with full strength. His inverted signet ring tore my cheek in two places and blood began to cover my face. I lost all restraint. I didn't mind the consequences anymore. I kicked Herr Schumacher in his belly, so that he staggered back and had to grab an iron bar to stay on his feet.

"At the same instant a shower of blows came down on my head. That was all I knew before I lost consciousness. When I came to, my hands were strapped to the back of the chair. One of the guards pulled a string every two minutes which automatically released a bucketful of water on my head. 'Well, well, look at that, the rabbit squinting already,' he said jeeringly. Then Herr Schumacher stepped over to me and said, 'I hope you got smart enough by now! You've got to learn in the first place that a Jew should never try to bully and play the hero. We know damn well that you're all yellow cowards!'

"A sort of crying and laughing spell took possession of me and I broke loose with a tirade of remonstrances: 'Are you calling me a yellow coward? You—who're beating up a strapped man? You Teutonic bastards! You yellow Nazi rats! Why don't you take me on one by one, if you're such big heroes? Unstrap me and let's see you fat Aryan Behemoths, you Nazi spiders who've got engorged on Jewish blood, fight me, an elderly 'Jewish coward'!'

"The door opened and it ended my words of defiance. A tall, good looking German came in wearing an Officer's uniform. He must have heard the end of my verbal outburst and asked in amazement.

" 'What's the matter with this one?'

" 'We caught a funny Jew, Chief,' answered Herr Schumacher, 'He's a crazy nut and is beside himself. He just wouldn't tame. He's pretty amusing, but he's getting us pretty damn mad, too. He only answers if you call 'im 'my dear sir'.'

"The blond officer sized me up curiously and asked me somewhat benevolently. 'What's all this childish valor for? Can't you realize your situation? Don't you know that you are in the investigating department of the Gestapo? And that the men here have authority to employ almost any means of 'persuasion'? What do you expect to gain by such false heroism? Or do you

think, perhaps, that New David Psalms will be written about your epic opposition?'

"'New Psalms of King David?' I asked disdainfully. 'No!' This won't happen. But much less will the Maestersingers chant new 'Niebelung lieden,' about you and your hang man's work.'

"'I believe,' he answered without any sensible anger in his voice, 'that you really are beside yourself. Otherwise why in the world would you insist to evoke the ire of those in whose hands you and your whole future is?'

"'Oh, he's just plain nuts,' said one of the Nazi henchmen. 'A puny Jewish hamster as he is, he wants to fight us one by one because he says we're only yellow rats!'

"A peculiar smile appeared on the department head's visage. 'Suppose for an exception, we take up the gentleman on his suggestion. After all, he might really get the notion that a full-blooded Aryan is afraid of a mere Jew. Come on, unstrap him! We're going to have a little extra fun. But only in a hundred per cent, sportsmanlike manner. We'll keep it clean and fair. We'll even leave it to him to pick any one of us. Any one from whom he wants to get his lesson.'

"Laughing at me as though I was someone who was caught in his own trap, the guards untied me. I stood up to stretch myself and the Chief again looked me

over. Then he shook his head and said, 'No, no, I withdraw my motion. You're too old, built too frail to fight any one around here. Besides the fight wouldn't be fair anyway because I see that you've already undergone a mild 'treatment.' You'd better sit back in your chair and let's forget about the whole thing. But try to use your brains from now on,' he added with a tinge of benevolence.

"As a matter of fact I had never believed that I'd be taken up on my words and that such a 'duel' could at all be possible in a place like this. It was just my wrath and bitterness which forced the challenging words out of my mouth; and when the young officer, who was probably an ardent sports fan, wanted to see the actual scuffle, I became somewhat fretful. After all, where were my army days when I diligently exercised and drilled? Where were those days when I would have readily fought almost any one?

"But when I saw the blond officer's obvious pity and discovered a sneering smile of satisfaction on my guards, I steeled myself at once. I remembered how many times we charged against almost certain death, when a single command sent the whole army towards the enemy trenches in the midst of a hail of bullets. I decided I wouldn't back out. The 'yellow Jew' dies if he must, I thought to myself, but he doesn't retreat.

And I shouted: 'I don't want any retreat! And no one should worry about my age. And what the 'initial treatment' weakened me, will be doubly made up by the fury and contempt I have for your men!'

" 'No doubt, you're really insane,' said the chief, shaking his head. 'You haven't got the least chance against any one of us. I don't say that you're cowardly, but neither are you brave. Just plain foolhardy. I repeat, I can't let you go through with it. It'd be shameful and undignified for us even to try to fight you. But wait a minute—I'll let you fight it out on one condition. If one hand of your opponent will be tied to his back and he'll fight you single-handed. Yes, really, that'll be good. This way we can still enjoy a little cock and bull fight.'

"General laughter broke out. Now I knew I just had to fight and quickly answered him! 'Well, anyway, there's one thing that must be said about you. You seem to be a real German—not a Nazi. And in spite of your hideous occupation, the heritage of the Teutonic ancestors seems to be working in you. But please don't worry about me. My opponent can use both his hands. All I have is just one request—have a cup of good, strong coffee brought to me. Then I'll be ready and we can start. And I wish to thank you in advance for the opportunity you'll give to a 'yellow Jew' to match his

strength with the progenies of Siegfried. If I'll lose, it's all right. One of two fighters always must lose.'

"The black coffe was brought to me presently. As I eagerly sipped it, I felt the stream of blood rushing into my heart and thence back again into my body. I asked for a second helping and I finished it as avidly.

"Meanwhile the news of the approaching contest spread to the other departments on the floor and soon there was an eager and curious group of people gathering in our room. The place soon resounded with a general hubbub as the would-be spectators started to joke, laugh, argue, and—bet! The odds were five or ten to one against me, but there was hardly any taker. All of a sudden merriment moved into the room, the walls of which had seen so much woe, so much rowdiness and torture.

"I just finished my black coffee when I heard the department head's curious and perhaps somewhat anxious voice.

"'Are you ready?' he asked.

"'Yes,' I answered curtly.

"'Well, then, use your perogative and select your opponent from among us.'

"I shrugged my shoulder and said, 'It makes no difference to me. You pick your own champion fighter.'

"'No!' said Herr Schumacher sharply. 'You heard

it, Jew, you've got to do your own pickin'. Or did you change your mind already? Well, what do you say Mr. Show-off Jew?'

"When this Nazi torturer spoke to me so scornfully, my anger mounted to endless heights. I was dazed. Sparks flickered before my eyes and my ears rang with the far-off sounds of trumpets and war cries. Was it the reverberation of the bugle calls for an attack in the World War? Or was it the echo of the huge staghorn with which my ancestors signaled their onset against the Philistines? Whatever it was that I imagined I heard, I scornfully shouted at Herr Schumacher, 'All right then, Schumacher, I'll pick! And I pick you, you damned big, clumsy ox!'

"There was an uproar of mirth and laughter. Herr Schumacher, his face red and gnashing his teeth cried: 'I hoped for this, you damned Jew! What I'd like to know is, who'll scrub you off the walls when I smear you on them, Mr. Jewish cockroach!'

"We both stripped to the waist. Some boxing gloves were procured.

" 'I can't box,' I declared simply, and this brought on a moment of disappointment.

" 'How are you going to fight then?' asked the Chief.

" 'I was thinking of wrestling—'

" 'Very well, let it be wrestling then. What do you

think, Herr Schumacher? It's all the same to you, isn't it?'

"In a few minutes an improvised ring was made ready. The blond department head was to be the referee and we had to select seconds. I picked one of the Germans at random whom I had never seen before. Herr Schumacher grinned and selected one of his men.

"When my second walked up to me he began to examine me expertly. He shook his head and looked surprised. 'What are the odds against the Jew?' he asked.

" 'Five, seven or ten to one,' came the answer.

" 'Well, I'd give two to one myself, but not more,' said my second determinedly.

"An announcement was made that it was going to be American 'free style' wrestling, the so-called 'catch-as-catch-can!' The inside of the 'ring' was covered with a few blankets. 'One round is five minutes,' announced the referee, 'and one minute between rounds.'

" 'Are you both ready?' he demanded. We both nodded without a word. He blew his whistle.

"The battle of the Jew and the Nazi was on.

"I was in a half trance or maybe wholly so. My muscles tightened. The glorious past, the grievous present, and the hope of a happier future gleamed in my eyes. It had been long before when I wrestled regularly for a couple of years, for the sake of the sport and

pleasure—a measure against early obesity. And I had never become a champion. Still I remembered how all-important the success of the first hold was. I sized up my opponent. He was like a Behemoth, a mountain of flesh compared to me. But I also noticed with no small degree of comfort, that he carried too much fat on him. He was probably strong as an ox, but his muscles were not real, developed sinews. Yet just because of his obesity I could not expect to use whatever little knowledge of jiu-jitsu I had. I trusted however, that he would soon tire if his fatness was not confined to his exterior.

"We were feeling each other out. Herr Schumacher wanted to grasp me several times, but I succeeded in eluding him. I was marking my time waiting for a good opening to apply a good hold on him. His great disadvantage was that he was much taller than I. But in his favor were his age—forty-five against my fifty-eight and his abundant weight—some two hundred and thirty pounds against my one hundred and seventy.

"The Nazi suddenly tried to apply a head-lock on me. This was the moment I waited for. I 'ducked' with lightning speed and butted him with a flying tackle. The flesh-collossus almost fell out of the ring.

"The air was heavy with the din of the spectators as they laughed, roared, mocked, cursed, and shouted en-

couraging words. I realized that I could not use my head much longer in this human battle because it was swollen at several places, as the result of the Nazis' bludgeoning. I felt a smarting pain whenever I used my head to butt my opponent. I had to change tactics. Herr Schumacher arose from the floor and charged at me. He gnashed his teeth with anger as he attempted to grab me. Finally his long arms did reach me and for an instant I thought it was all over. Everybody was awaiting the end—either that he'd just hurl me from the ring or would simply crush me beneath him.

"But apparently his hold did not satisfy him. He stooped down to grasp me better—and this move saved me. I suddenly locked his head in my left arm and grabbed my own wrist with my right hand to strengthen the pressure on his head against my side. The potency and possibility of such a headlock can really be appreciated only by those who ever took up wrestling. It can be made an incredibly effective punishment. The more he tried to free himself, the more excruciating the pressure became.

"He picked me up in the air while I was clinging to his thick neck. Had he succeeded in straightening out he could easily have thrown me over his head. But the anger and hate which burned in me multiplied my strength. Sweat was running off his body in streams.

His heavy veins showed even through the covering of soft fat. He was gasping and choking, as he tried in vain to free himself. My arms became inseparable steel braces and I began to hope that he was doomed. Then the whistle sounded. The round was over—I had to give up my hold and release him.

"I tried to make the best out of the one minute rest period. I was panting, too, laboriously. It was no use—my long idleness and my advanced age counted heavily against my chances. Tucked in his corner, Herr Schumacher was approached by his sympathizers. They all advised and coached him how 'to finish up the dirty Jew.'

"The whistle sounded again and we rushed at each other. He flung himself at me with such vehemence, as though he wanted to mow me down, to sweep me out of the ring. I evaded him and he almost ran through the ropes himself. Before he could regain his balance I tripped him. We both fell and he was feeling for a hold. Only my knowledge of jiu-jitsu, applied in the nick of the time, saved me. At last I maneuvered to get on his back and forced the so-called Japanese leg-hold on him. Lying prostrate on the floor, his legs were brought back and twisted against his back and I punished him with a terrific lever pressure.

"I could not enjoy my hold for long. With a sud-

den superhuman effort he freed himself and simultaneously succeeded in clutching my neck between the calves of his powerful legs. All my efforts were useless; the squeeze became tighter and tighter. My strength was waning and I was half strangled. The merciless scissors reached closer and closer around my neck, while he twisted my arm with both of his hands. I thought I was completely gone, I had a feeling that I was tumbling into an immense depth. But then, from a very far distance faint sounds of encouragement seemed to reach my ears. I cannot explain how and why, but I clearly heard those long-forgotten Biblical words—'Joshua won and the Sun stopped in its course in the valley of Gilead to behold a miracle.'

"Yes, it must have been a miracle, for at this moment he loosened his hold and liberated my neck from the mortal embrace. In that very instant the whistle sounded; the second round had ended. The match was still a tie. Then I again heard the spectators as they commented in amazement; 'Look at the lousy little Jew—would you have believed he had all that strength and stamina?'

"The one minute went by rapidly. The referee just raised his whistle to his mouth to start us on the next round, when a messenger hurriedly stepped to him and halted his move. 'Herr Heinrich wants to see you im-

mediately, sir.'

"The department head and all the others were obviously disappointed that the 'fun' had to be interrupted. But evidently Herr Heinrich was a 'big shot.' His wish was respected without question.

" 'Wait for me until I come back. Don't do anything until then,' the referee ordered.

"Frankly, I was happy. I knew that I needed more than a minute's rest, to regain my strength and breath. If I were given five or ten minutes' rest, I pondered, I could finish this mountain of flesh. For Herr Schumacher, too, was out of breath and the exertion of the last round left him tired and sweating.

"The blond department head came back in about five minutes. Excitedly he said to me: 'Herr - - z get dressed quickly. Your release has been ordered by Herr Heinrich. Your case is not finished yet, but you can go home now.'

"Then he turned to the others and said disconsolately: 'The circus is over. Let's all get back to work!'

"I heard the words, but I did not want to believe my ears. I thought it was merely a Nazi trick, so that the fun would be even greater afterwards. Herr Schumacher and his two satellites looked agape and befuddled. But the department head had been in earnest. He gave them his orders, 'Take him to the street and

call a cab for him.'

"I was still confounded. My head and ears were buzzing. Again I heard the imaginary words: 'And Joshua won and the Sun stopped in its course to behold a miracle.' What happened, how it happened—if it indeed did happen at all—I just could not comprehend. Why, this seemed a greater miracle than the victory of Joshua and the Sun surely had to stop over Vienna to behold this modern miracle!

"When I got finally home—battered, tattered, with a swollen head and with bloody, blue marks all over my body, but still alive, all in one piece—my wife welcomed me with a warm embrace. For long moments she could not say a word, just cried, and held me tight.

"Shortly I learned about the secret of the miracle which vied with that of Gilead. When I had been carried away by the Gestapo, my wife rushed over to an influential Gentile lawyer, an old family friend, and a former member of the Reichsrath. When he heard the story he simply said to my wife; 'It all depends whether you want to remain rich and a widow, or a poor woman and have your husband.'

"My dear wife's choice was obvious and she got hold of all the money we kept in our secret compartments. It was a sizeable sum—half a million Austrian shillings, and foreign exchange amounting to some twenty

thousand American dollars. Accompanied by her lawyer she took this to the Gestapo headquarters and my release was subsequently ordered.

"I would never have given up this money—but perhaps it's better this way. And through the painful picture of my sufferings in the Gestapo building I will always remember the remark made by the department head when I was about to leave: 'You were right. All Jews are not cowards; as a matter of fact there are probably real heroes among them, too!"

The banker smiled and lit another cigarette. His wife put her arms around him tenderly and also smiled. The banker's story came to a conclusion:

"What else should I say? We are now poor—but happy. Imagine, we even have our passports. Before long we'll go to London and begin life anew. Slowly perhaps we'll forget these nightmare-like horrors, these sad, apparent improbabilities. Yes, our next stop is London where the devils of destruction have not been freed from their chains, where liberty, civil rights, freedom and constitutional laws do not belong to the realm of mere fantasy, but are an inalienable part of everyday existence. I'm glad you visited us, gentlemen. Maybe we'll meet again in London, and you will be our most welcome guests."

"Well," I said in parting, "I'm truly glad, that at

last I've heard a Jewish story with a happy ending! And may the Lord guard your future happiness as well!"

I shook hands with the banker. His grasp felt like a brace of steel fingers.

"Auf wiedersehn—in London!"

Our visit to Banker R - - g was over.

CHAPTER 14

BERLIN - LONDON - HOME

In Prague and in Bohemia and Moravia the torture, rape, blackmail, pogroms, concentration camps and execution of Jews assumed the pattern—by this time familiar to me—of Slovakia and Austria. The tempo of Nazi terror rose during April and May, 1939. Space forbids the mention of the details of cases, with which I came in contact, during the course of my labors with the committee. At the end of May, 1939, the committee thought that we should attempt to settle a number of Jewish refugees in Canada, a country which I knew well, as I had been engaged in missionary labors there for my church. This plan required my return to London. It was decided that Rabbi K - - n should accompany me. Our route was to be through Germany. There was difficulty in obtaining a permit for the passage of a rabbi through Germany. But I had a relative in Berlin, Joseph F - - p, connected with a large exporting company, and I was able to obtain this permit through Herr F - - p.

On this trip into Germany, whenever agents of the Gestapo went through the train to investigate the passengers, which they did with their customary regularity (or irregularity) they were surprised to find a Jew traveling with a clergyman, who was apparently a hun-

dred per cent "Aryan," on papers that were in every respect regular. I had a pleasant reaction from their discomfiture. Near the end of May, 1939, we were in Berlin.

In October 1938 I had taken time to go to Berlin, in order to visit with Herr F--p. Upon my arrival I telephoned him at the office where he was employed. As he was unable to leave immediately, we agreed to meet at a restaurant on Zehringer Strasse, called Cafe Zehringer. This Cafe happened to be across the street from a large Jewish Synagogue. I was sitting there at about six o'clock in the evening, awaiting F--p, when I saw fire coming out of the Synagogue. Almost immediately, the doors and windows of the building were thrown open and I saw men, women and children pushing through the doors, to escape from the burning structure. They were struggling, screaming and shouting, in their efforts to get out. The clothes of some of these were on fire and they were trying to tear the burning clothing from their persons. Many were trampled. During this time, I did not see a single fireman or ambulance. F--p now joined me, and we went into the crowd, that was watching the awful spectacle. Inquiring what the cause of the fire was, we were told that the Nazis had thrown incendiary bombs and explosives among six hundred and fifty to seven hundred

Jews who were in the Synagogue, for the Friday evening services. This explanation seemed to be confirmed by the entire absence of firemen or ambulances and the lack of any interest by the police. The only policemen I saw were under the orders of a Nazi captain and were engaged in dispersing the onlookers. Nevertheless, F - - n and I remained there for more than an hour, after I first saw the fire and while we were there no one made the slightest effort to put it out or to save any victim.

The next day, while breakfasting at a coffee house in the neighborhood, I asked the waiter if he knew about the burning of the Synagogue the night before. He looked at me, and seeing that I wasn't a Jew, he grinned and remarked:

"Huh, that's nothing. Didn't you know there were eighteen or nineteen of the stinking places burned last night?"

"For a moment I was too stunned to reply. Then I asked:

"Who burned them?"

"Nazi boys who know their business," he informed me.

I did not comment. I left the place hurriedly and did not tip him.

Persons at the hotel where I stayed also spoke in a

most casual way of the burning of a number of Synagogues that Friday evening! I looked through the papers for an account of the fires to learn if I could, how many Jews had been victims of this atrocious destruction. I could not find a paper which published even a few lines on the subject. The Nazi Regime evidently had the press completely under its control and the failure to publish reports of the burning of the Synagogues and the loss of life connected therewith, was an example of the functioning of the Nazi censorship. I was never able to learn exactly how many died and how many were seriously or otherwise injured. According to Jewish sources, forty-nine were killed and two hundred and nineteen burned in the fires of that night alone.

On the following day, nine other Synagogues were similarly destroyed, according to common knowledge about the city.

In Berlin, at the end of May, 1939, the grip of the Nazis' seemed more secure than at any time before. They had gone from triumph to triumph without a shot —the Saar, the Rhineland, Austria, the Sudeten, Czechoslovakia. Everybody "in the know" in Berlin was confident that they would continue to do so. Poland would yield to all demands and become Nazified. Everywhere, there was "heiling" of Hitler. The Fueh-

rer was invincible. The faith of the country in him was justified—so said everybody who could be heard. Everybody with whom I conversed was certain that he would organize all of Europe, under German hegemony. This was common talk. The prominent Nazis, among themselves, were just as confident that in the not distant future, Germany will be the directing power of the world. Grandiose plans for that future were bandied about among them.

Here the Gestapo was functioning more smoothly than in the countries where I had been and because its efficiency was greater, there was upon the surface, less evidence of its operation.

The debris of the wrecked homes and business places of Jews and of others, and burned temples of worship had been removed for the most part. However, some of it could still be seen. Jews were identified by the Mogen David emblem, colored yellow and worn on the left sleeve in Germany; while in Austria, the same emblem was colored in blue and white and worn on the left side of the breast and in Slovakia, the emblem was also yellow and worn on the left side of the breast. I had not seen such decorations at all, in Prague, or any of the other places in Bohemia and Moravia which I visited. Under the Nuremberg laws of the Nazis and the numerous and minute regulations pursuant thereto,

the Jews in Germany were completely deprived of all their fixed and moveable assets, and all sources of livelihood. Vocations, trades, business, professions except as those were with other Jews were completely closed to them. They were permitted to live by taking in each other's washing, as it were. They were degraded to the position of social outcasts, and forbidden to appear in any public place where Gentile Germans resorted. They were forbidden to frequent coffee houses, restaurants, theaters, museums, concert halls, except such as were temporarily designated for them.

The bible of the new dispensation, "Mein Kampf," was displayed everywhere. So, too, of course, were pictures and portraits of the author of this new dispensation. You could not turn your head without encountering both. The bible was frequently framed by works of Nazi saints, such as Goebbels and Rosenberg. I had glanced through "Mein Kampf" long before, but now I bought a copy and read it carefully. What a hysterical jumble of lies and half truths, I thought. All the evils and misfortunes of the earth and particularly in Germany are the work of the Jews. Germany did not lose the first World War because of the errors of her generals, the panic of her commander-in-chief and the revolution of an exhausted and disillusioned people, but because of the treachery of the Jews, of

which no proof is cited. The fact, attested by German military statistics, that in the first World War the Jews of Germany furnished a greater percentage of combat soldiers and of soldiers killed and wounded in action than the minute percentage of the Jewish to the entire population is disregarded; so, also, are the praise of the Jewish soldier in battle by General von Lossow and others and the number of decorations awarded to Jews for action in the field. The medals shown by Aaron R--g to the bully, Schumacher, were not unusual. According to Hitler, the Jews have always been a foreign element in the population of Germany and of other countries in which they have settled and this, despite the fact that by inter-marriage and upbringing, the Jews of Germany had been more completely assimilated in that country than in any other. From my experience and observation in Germany before the Nazi blight, I found that the Jews of Germany not only equalled but often surpassed non-Jewish Germans in national and patriotic feeling; and this not consciously to produce a calculated effect. Now and then I noted even a chauvinistic, pan-German attitude by some of them, which surprised me and which, in fact, I did not like. All this I remembered as I read the ravings of the author of the new dispensation on his pet phobia. It seemed to me that if the Jews of Germany, though

such an insignificant part of the population of the country, succeeded in monopolizing the professions, business and industry, and in effect, dominated the life of Germany, as this fanatic insists they did, then they must have been greatly superior to the rest of the population in spiritual, intellectual and physical power, they were truly the people chosen of God to rule the rest; and the complaints of Hitler and the rest are but expressions of the jealousy and resentment of the losers at being beaten in a contest, in which the Jews certainly did not receive special favors, but instead waged it under all manners of disadvantages.

This is what Hitler's argument in "Mein Kampf" would prove to me. But, there is no basis in fact, for his arguments against the Jews. He distorts and exaggerates history and most of the Nazi bible is invention and emotion. The plain facts are that while there are rich Jews in all lands, most of them are very poor, while some are shrewd and ingenious, many are naive and stupid, while some have great, unusual talents in literature, the arts and sciences, a great many more have not, while an unusual proportion of them is educated and cultured, many are, alas, ignorant. In short, the Jews are a group of human beings and should not be considered or treated by any country in a different way, than other groups of human beings. They do not

ask for better treatment, but only for equality, under laws applicable alike to all. To this they are entitled as children of God, equal in his sight to all his other children. The Jews had a pure conception of deity, an inspiring history, a great literature and a high degree of civilization, when the ancestors of Hitler and the Nazis were savages in the Teutoberg Forest.

All the children of God have a right to his earth, to equal access to any part of it, to make a living thereon by their labor with hand or brain, subject only to laws that are just, founded upon reason and are applicable alike to Jews and non-Jews, laws that do not apply to individuals or groups because of their descent or color. The Jews have a right to live and to labor in Germany, or any other country, subject to just laws that apply equally to all the inhabitants thereof. Any other treatment of them is tyranny and evil, which will some time surely call down upon the authors thereof the wrath of an outraged God.

As I laid the book aside, I thought this is the book of hate intended to undo and reverse all that the Book of Love has accomplished in the last two thousand years; verily, Hitler is the Anti-Christ.

It saddened me to see how the German nation had been made insane, by the constant, unremitting prodding of a man, himself undoubtedly mad. This na-

tion had run amok and was now acting the part of a gangster among the nations. I could stand the sight but a short time. We left the country and in the first days of June, 1939, we were in London.

In London, I found that the British people were aroused to the danger of the Nazi menace and were in advance of the government in their determination to prevent further aggression by Germany. I think that if the government had shown a willingness to participate in another Munich, it would have gone down. They realized that their "splendid isolation" was gone and they were preparing themselves feverishly to fight for survival.

The news that we had been able to help Jewish refugees to get out of several countries preceded us and we were warmly welcomed in quarters where Jewish refugees congregated. Scores of them came to see us and to thank us. Some of them we had recently assisted in getting to England. All had plans and looked to the future with renewed hope and confidence. Despite their experiences, many of them were gay. These people, in the midst of their sufferings have been blessed with good humor and are infused with a divine hope. Nothing proves this better than the many jokes about Hitler, which pass from lip to lip among them. I have picked one which I considered the best of a number that I

heard.

It seems that after reoccupying the Rhineland, Hitler visited the Nazi army there. So that the army and the people might see what a religious person he is, he, having been raised as a Roman Catholic, visited a Catholic Cathedral in the occupied territory, together with his officers. And he kneeled under the cross and looked up at the crucifix and prayed aloud: "My Lord Jesus Christ! I prostrate myself before your cross and thank You with a grateful heart, that You have helped me and my people by giving these territories back to us. But your servant wants to know, he asks for a revelation, what else he should do? Speak my Lord, perform a miracle, so that I should know, if my acts agree with Your holy will. Speak, my Lord, to Your servant." Jesus looked down upon him and Hitler heard, "Those Jews! Those Jews!" Hitler immediately answered: "My Lord, just leave them to me, I'll take care of them. Tell me, what else should your faithful servant do?" But the Lord only said, "Those Jews! Those Jews!" Hitler marched into Austria. Arriving in Vienna, he immediately went to St. Stephen's Cathedral, to offer thanks for the new success. Again he put the same question to the Lord. The answer was still the same: "Those Jews! Those Jews!" But now it seemed as if the eyes of the Lord burned in anger as he looked at

Hitler. Hitler repeated, "My Lord, just leave them to me, I'll settle with them properly." He occupied the Sudetenland, he marched into Prague and hurried to the Cathedral in the Fortress of the Hradasin to give heartfelt thanks to the Lord for this unexpected success. But the answer was still the same: "Those Jews! Those Jews!" Hitler was not satisfied and asked the Lord in a peremptory tone: "I've heard enough from You about those Jews, so now I beg You to show me the road I should go, to please you. But the Lord again answered only: "Those Jews! Those Jews!" Then Hitler was still less satisfied, and tried to get a more definite answer, saying: "My Lord, I already know all this very well!" Then the Lord answered, looking at Hitler with eyes flaming with anger: "Those Jews! Those Jews! If they had not nailed me down hand and foot, I would now kick you so hard, that you would fly straight into the fires of Hell, where you will arrive after your death!" And the Lord spoke no more.

In reading this joke, I do not mean to suggest that the Jewish people at the time of the crucifixion of Jesus was responsible for it. I assume that anyone familiar with the subject knows that it was the work not of the Jewish people who, for the most part, heard Him gladly, but the Romans, upon the complaint of a very small and compact group of Jews, who saw their priv-

ileges threatened by the teachings of Jesus and who bore about the same relation to the Jewish people of that day, as, for example, a powerful, reactionary group of today, profiting by special privileges, bears to the American people as a whole.

Residing in London at this time, was one Baron Von L--g, a wealthy man, who had been military aide of Charles the Sixth (Charles the Fourth Hungarian King) in spite of being a Jew. He had moved to London well before the Nazi storm. Though he rarely contacted lately arrived Jewish refugees, he was very active in the raising of funds to alleviate Jewish suffering and to set up refugee Jews in their own industrial plants. It was at his house that I stayed, while Rabbi K--n was invited to the home of his son.

Among the refugees whom I had particular pleasure to find in London was Aaron R--g, th former banker of Vienna, whose experience with the Gestapo I have reported. He and his good wife were well and full of hope. He informed me that he was making arrangements to settle in Palestine! I pray to God that the future has peace and prosperity in store for them. Palestine was also the destination of Rabbi K--n and his family.

We heard many stories of the experiences of the refugees, but the two which I am reporting show that

Nazi offcials are as susceptible to Jewesses in Berlin, the lair of Nazi-dom, as in the countries they have overrun, despite laws against such relationship.

Ruth K--s, a young Jewish woman of twenty-eight, had just returned to Berlin, her home, from a trip to Bremen. She arrived unexpectedly, so no one was waiting for her at the station. As she lived not far from the station, she started to walk home. She had gone a short distance when two uniformed men of the Gestapo addressed her:

"Are you Jewish?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"Come with us. We are looking for you!"

A closed car stopped beside them. They put her in the car. They taped her eyes. After a long drive the car stopped, they lifted the woman out and dragged her into a house. The tape was taken from her eyes and she saw that she was in an elaborately furnished room. She h e a r d entertainment going on in the adjoining room, with singing and piano-playing. They left her alone, whereupon she rushed to the window, to tear open the shutters and jump out. Before she could do this, a half-drunken officer stepped into the room and approached her. She cried out, beating the shutters and trying to open them. She was an honest young woman, for whom a husband and two little children were wait-

ing and weeping, because she had not arrived home. Thereupon two men, seeming to be non-commissioned officers broke in, dragged the woman to a couch, tied her up and left her for the drunken officer. Horrible shame was mirrored on her face, as she told me: "First the officer, then the two soldiers and then several others. I fainted from the suffering, the shame and the torture. At last they revived me. They dressed me, taped my eyes again, took me to the street, put me into a car and let me off in front of the house, where we were living, W--- Gasse 28. They rang the bell, reentered the car and drove off. The next day my husband laid a complaint. They beat him and told him: "Jew, you're lying!" and threw him out. I was between life and death for a month. I wish I would have died!"

They succeeded in escaping from Berlin to London through Holland, by all sorts of secret ways, mostly on foot.

Joseph R--n, (B——k-Strass 469), a well to do stockbroker and widower, lived with his two daughters, seventeen year old Helen, and fifteen year old Renee, in their residence at this address. The housekeeping was done by the elder daughter. At 5 P.M. Helen and Renee went out to do some shopping for supper, as their father used to arrive home at 7 P.M. They walked through the gathering dusk of the evening of October

25, 1938, and were near the store, where they usually did their shopping, when a luxurious car drew up beside them. Two high-ranking, uniformed Nazi officers sat in the rear, while in front were two non-commissioned officers, one of whom drove the car. One of the non-commissioned officers jumped out, seized the two girls and pushed them into the car.

Their father arrived home at the usual time, and waited for his daughters. At 9 P.M. he went to the police and to the Gestapo, but in vain. He was awakened on the fourth night following, at 3 o'clock in the morning by a loud ringing and found Helen, sick, feverish, despoiled. She reported they had done perverted acts upon them, as a result of which the younger girl, a fifteen year old, well developed child, had died of her wounds. Helen was back, but little Renee was not. They never even saw her corpse.

The father, together with Helen, by means of large bribes and leaving the wreck of his fortune, his house, his furnishings and everything else, escaped through Holland. They are now in Canada, near Winnipeg, where they have settled on a farm.

We planned to obtain permits for refugees to go to Canada and to settle there. We found this could be done only if they had funds to purchase land and to work it and, of course, were otherwise acceptable as

immigrants into the country. To assure the government of Canada that a refugee will comply with this requirement, he had to deposit a sum required by the government with the Bank of England, or responsible citizens of Canada had to enter into sufficient bond with the government to guarantee this. Some of the refugees were able to comply with the above requirements and are now settled upon farms in Canada. Joseph R - - n, bereft of his younger daughter by the Nazis, is one of these settlers; and there are others. But that's another story.

The several weeks which I passed in the free, even though tense atmosphere of London before my return to the United States, was the happiest part of my trip. What a relief it was to breathe the air of a constitutional government, where the citizen and even the sojourner has political rights "to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness"—away from the prying eyes and the injustices and cruelties of Fascists and Nazis, that I had witnessed for nearly a year. But my mission in England was ended, what little I could do in the cause of the refugees was accomplished and on June 20, 1939, I embarked for home.

I now had time to reflect how my purpose in making the trip had been altered by my experiences during the course of it. I had set out, because of a purpose that

I had—which might be termed political—to lend what little influence I had in the righting of a wrong, as I thought it, to my native country; and world events and the conditions that I encountered made the carrying out of that purpose impossible, but drew me into activities that I did not have at all in mind when I started out—of help, however little to the members of an oppressed race, not my own. I did not regret the alteration of my mission. From the time that I was a young priest in small towns and villages of my native country, I had noted the industry, frugality, the family bond, the versatility and the uniform kindness of Orthodox Jews, the well-to-do and especially the poor among them. I had found, to my great regret, that violence, intolerence and improvidence were too often among my own people; and my heart has frequently bled because of this. For these reasons, I had always cultivated close relations with my Jewish brethren. For instance, in the winter of 1937, the New York Hungarian Orthodox Jewish Congregation elected a new Rabbi and he invited me and my Congregation. They received us at the door with great pomp. They led us to the best places and placed a seat for me immediately beneath the Torah and my discourse was made from the shadow of the Torah and the stone tablets of the "Ten Commandments." And the following Sunday a "cath-

olic" monk assailed me for this—though I had as my examplars, Jesus Christ and St. Peter, who preached the Gospel first in a Synagogue.

But mostly I was happy for what little I had been able to do in Europe, because the Jews are the People of the Book. As St. Paul has said, God kept Israel's eyes covered and when the eyes of Israel are uncovered, the second and triumphal return of Our Lord will be at hand.

Our ship steamed into the harbor of New York on June 25, 1939; and I thanked God with a heart full of gratitude that the United States, my country, was a land of equal justice and equality to men of all races and creeds.

The End

EPILOGUE

Is Hitler The Anti-Christ, Or The Anti-Christ's Ambassador?

Reading the 13th chapter of "The Revelation of St. John" one must perforce conclude that the era designated in the Bible is here, and that Satan, the spirit of evil and of Godlessness has begun his reign on earth in order to destroy all who are not his soldiers and emissaries, and to exterminate the devout, whether Jew or Gentile, so that Satan's people alone, might rule the world.

Today, when so many souls are enthralled by the modern paganism, when millions have shut out God from their hearts and erected a throne to Mammon; when, instead of a pure spirit, men revel in immorality and coarseness, and perversely wallow in the sloughs of crime; when respect and regard for others has been trampled into the mud; when selfishness and self-adulation is the precept of so many, Satan considered the time ripe for his rule. Why, already there are countries in which statues have been raised to the spirit of atheism, Satan, and his henchman, Judas, "the traitor,"

while the statues of Christ have been demolished.

St. John, the Baptist, was Christ's ambassador on earth. Satan, wanting to imitate Christ even in this, needed an ambassador. And now his ambassador is already on earth, to prepare the way for the dominion of the world by his master, Satan. Now who in the whole world could have been selected for this task? How can he be recognized? Well, his evil deeds give him away. Who restored paganism to Germany and imprisoned and tortured the priests of the one true God? Hundreds of clergy of every denomination were put to death; churches, temples and synagogues were contaminated by this monster; millions of devout believers were destroyed. In Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Holland, the Ukraine, and every place else where this ambassador of the anti-Christ spread his tentacles, the earth is scarlet from the blood of the innocents: their blood colors the rivers, lakes and oceans. And the suffering multitudes voice a desperate cry: "Who is more powerful than this beast?" and they worship Satan who gave power to that "beast," Hitler. And they worship Hitler, speaking thus: "Who is like unto the beast? Who is able to make war with him?" (The revelation of St. John, Chap. 13, verse 4.) But do not fear, devout believers, Jews and Gentiles, because there then follows this revelation: "And there

was given unto him a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies; and power was given unto him to continue forty and two months." (Verse 5)

"And it was given unto him to make war with the saints" (the believers in the one God,) "and to overcome them; and power was given him over all kindreds, and tongues, and nations." "And all that dwell upon the earth shall worship him, whose names are not written in the book of life of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." "If any man have an ear, let him hear." (Verse 7, 8, and 9.)

But console yourselves, you true believers: the end of the wild beast, Hitler, is within sight. The "forty and two months" are almost up. God will not permit his people, the true believers in Him, to suffer much longer. When He allowed this terrible plague to inundate the world, it was because mankind had become too self-satisfied; it acknowledged no authority over itself in heaven or on earth, and especially, no power in the Great Beyond. "There is no God," shouted the senseless horde; "Man is everything!" Then the rise of irreligion forced God to take His whip into His hand, in order to open the unbelievers' eyes. The good had to suffer with the bad, but only to be put to the test, as was Job. But just as Job's trials came to an end through the will of God, so will the tribulations

of the true believers be ended soon. Then will He reward those who even in the midst of the greatest sufferings had faith in Him. And there will come a better, more beautiful world, where not selfishness, but true brotherly love will guide men's lives, and there will be eternal peace. Amen.

BISHOP DR. STEPHANOS.

USHMM LIBRARY
01 0001 0134 1724